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## AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

THE position of Austria towards Hungary is rapidly becoming untenable. The Government of Vienna has thought fit to pause in its course of concession, by issuing orders to the public functionaries which cannot be carried into effect without the aid of military force. The County Assemblies are forbidden to interfere with taxation, the election of political exiles is declared void, the consideration of necessary reforms is referred to the approaching Diet, and all recognition of the Constitution of 1848 is distinctly prohibited. If it had been possible that the present dispute should have arisen in any other Continental country, the pretensions which are now put forward by Austria would probably have been thought moderate and reasonable. It is undoubtedly difficult for the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH to admit that all the acts of his reign have been illegal. Both parties agree that the right of legislation is vested in the Diet, and it is evident that the imposition of taxes must be a national and not a provincial operation. The advocates of prerogative will applaud the resistance which has been offered to revolution, and the Conservative party in Hungary will be called upon to rally round the Throne. Nevertheless, it will probably be found that the Austrian Government is in the wrong, and that it has not even apprehended the conditions of the struggle in which it is involved. The question will ultimately be settled by force, but at present the Hungarians are engaged in a legal contest, and not in a theoretical revolution. The crisis corresponds to the opening of the Long Parliament, and not to the meeting of the States-General. All but the extreme party, thus far, demand the restoration of historical franchises, instead of declaiming, with French reformers, about the rights of man. The popular leaders may perhaps be astute in extending the privileges which they inherit, but until the appeal to arms is actually made, they will found every demand on some legal basis or pretext. A Continental Sovereign is probably incapable of understanding that a king, as well as a demagogue, may be guilty of revolutionary proceedings. When the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH substituted military despotism for constitutional right, he thought he was restoring order; and in refusing absolutely to retrace his steps, he believes that he is making a stand against anarchy. It would have been wiser to concede all the legal demands of Hungary in the mass as soon as it became obvious that the maintenance of the existing system was impossible. The House of HAPSBURG has irreconcilable enemies in the kingdom, but it might possibly have created a party for itself by returning frankly to the Constitution. The gentry and intelligent classes understand the danger and uncertainty of choosing a new dynasty, and they are wholly opposed to Kossuth's project of a democratic Republic. They would have been willing to recognise a King at Vienna, but they are determined to administer their own affairs at home. The objection that the concession of their demands would have been equivalent to a separation of Hungary from the Empire concerns the Government rather than themselves. If all national rights had been conceded and secured, Hungarian statesmen might not have been unwilling to reconsider the terms of their alliance with the hereditary provinces. If union necessarily involves submission to German officials, the alternative of absolute separation will be unhesitatingly preferred.

The Cabinet of Vienna has apparently misunderstood the acts and claims which it denounces as irregular. The County Assemblies have never assumed a power of fiscal legislation, except perhaps for local purposes; but as they are entitled and bound to provide the machinery of taxation, it is their duty to examine the legality of every impost before they proceed to levy it. The lawless proceedings of the Imperial

Government since the accession of FRANCIS JOSEPH have unsettled the foundations of all legitimate authority. There may perhaps be no portion of the entire revenue of the kingdom which is not open to technical objections; and as long as hostile relations exist between the Government and the nation, the constitutional opposition will involve constant resistance to taxation. The counties nominate all the provincial functionaries, and they practically revise even the legislation of the Diet, by refusing to execute unconstitutional laws. Under present circumstances, the Government can neither control their proceedings nor dispense with their co-operation. It is useless to proclaim the invalidity of the only Constitution which either the county meetings or the Diet will acknowledge. Some of the leaders of the Opposition wish only to establish the rights which they assert, while a large party are bent chiefly on placing the Government in the wrong. The EMPEROR may be well assured that the liberties of Hungary will not be made a subject of barter and compromise. Englishmen ought to appreciate and understand the freedom which depends on charter, on precedent, and on custom. The exceptional position of Hungary between Europe and Turkey has led to the conception and maintenance of constitutional traditions which have died out in the rest of the Continent, even where they formerly existed. The direct nomination of functionaries by the local Assemblies produces results directly opposite to the official supremacy which prevails in France and in Germany; and the singular arrangement by which conditions are attached to the hereditary succession of the Crown furnishes an extraordinary security against the encroachments of despotism. The advantages of positive and ancient franchises over liberal doctrines are remarkably illustrated by the present position of Hungary. No claim of right can prevail against the direct exercise of superior force; but as soon as the usurping Government of Vienna was involved in difficulties, the Hungarian demand for the revival of liberty became irresistible, because it was legal and definite. The freedom of France, which was confiscated two or three years later, has disappeared even from the thoughts and hopes of the nation.

It is said that the Austrian Government, despairing of a pacific settlement, has resolved on deciding the Hungarian question by force. It may be thought more convenient to take issue on the dispute with the Counties than to wait for the sweeping demand which will certainly be put forward by the Diet. According to Hungarian law, FERDINAND is still constitutional King, as his act of abdication has never been presented to the Diet. Before the Crown is transferred, his successor will be called upon to redress all the grievances of the nation, and to disavow the illegal acts which, for twelve years, have been performed in his name. According to well-established precedent, a King of Hungary cannot even grant a title of nobility until he has been regularly crowned. FRANCIS JOSEPH would probably regard compliance with the demands of the nation as degrading, and he may reasonably believe that unqualified concession would, after all, be useless. By pushing on the arbitrament of arms he complies with the wishes of Kossuth, of GARIBALDI, and of the enemies of his dynasty in all parts of Europe. On the other hand, he may have reason to hope for the eventual support of Russia; and it is possible that hostilities may tend to confirm the wavering fidelity of the army. The remaining half of the Austrian Empire, even if it were united and zealous in the cause, is scarcely a match for the combined forces of Hungary and Italy, nor can the German provinces and Bohemia fail to perceive that the concessions which they have recently obtained were extorted by the menacing attitude of Hungary. The military strength of Russia is still crippled by the effects of the Crimean war, and although the permanent sympathies of absolutism will prevail over the irritation which exists

against Austria, the danger of a Polish insurrection will furnish an argument against a second intervention in Hungary. On the whole, Austria is exposed to the most imminent danger which has in modern times impended over any considerable State.

It is not without uneasiness that English statesmen anticipate the destruction of a frequent and powerful ally against the aggressive Governments of France and Russia. The Austrian Empire holds the strongest defensive position, and the remoter Provinces are in that state of civilization which provides the material of armies in the greatest abundance. Since the war of the Austrian Succession, in the middle of the last century, Hussars, Uhlans, Pandours, and Croats have swarmed forth in profusion whenever the Imperial Government has had need of their services. Four great wars against NAPOLEON, undertaken with the aid of English subsidies, left Austria unexhausted; and if the unity of the Empire could be maintained, the same combination might long continue to hold French ambition in check. The abandonment of Lombardy affected the reputation of Austria rather than her strength; but the loss of Hungary would reduce her to the level of Spain, and leave her less populous than the Kingdom of Italy. It is not surprising that the English Government should have wished to avert such a revolution, but, in the absence of right or opportunity of interference, it only remains to make the best of any new territorial combination which may arise out of the expected catastrophe. There is no reason why Hungary, with the adjacent Slavonic provinces, should not succeed to the guardianship of Eastern Europe against the designs of Russia, and the true Continental bulwark on the side of France is not Austria, but united Germany. There is more cause for apprehension during the continuance of the struggle than at its termination; but unless some unexpected mode of escape presents itself, the knot of Austrian affairs can only be cut by the sword. English diplomacy ought to employ itself in securing the neutrality of France and Russia, while Italy, Hungary, and Austria settle their quarrel among themselves. It is unfortunate that Lord PALMERSTON should have taken the opportunity to oppose the unanimous policy of the German States in the matter of Holstein. The concord of Russia and of France with England suggests grave suspicions as to the justice of the course which is to be adopted in common.

#### EVENTS IN AMERICA.

WHEN the troubles first began in the United States, it certainly seemed fortunate that the duty of smoothing over the difficulty had devolved on a President who was known to be connected with the leading statesmen of the South by personal friendship and political alliance. The appearance has, however, proved fallacious. President BUCHANAN's temporizing moderation has only served to render himself contemptible, and perhaps to increase the public danger. The reason of his miscarriage is the same which explains the failure of all the calculations which had been made as to the sequel of Mr. LINCOLN's election. The Southern statesmen had unquestionably threatened secession in the hope of defeating Mr. LINCOLN, and had subsequently applauded the course of South Carolina, under the idea that this rebellious State, and any other Southern States which should follow her, might easily be brought back into the Union as soon as they had succeeded in extorting their own terms from the North. There is no doubt that President BUCHANAN thoroughly understood them; and that his conviction of their true intentions accounts for his otherwise extraordinary policy in capitulating with them as to the terms on which the Southern forts were to be held, and in framing the Message which advised the North to surrender all the points for which it had at any time contended. It was only by degrees that the truth emerged that the leading Southern politicians could not perform their part of the tacit compact. The "mean whites" of the Slave States have long been abject followers of the Southern chiefs of party, and it seemed not unreasonable to presume on the implicit docility of a class which, against its plainest interests, had fanatically supported the cause of the inconceivably small minority which owns the enslaved negroes. But in this instance they had been stimulated into having a will of their own, and, as constitutional forms gave them the mastery of the planting States whenever they chose to exercise it, they suddenly took the question of secession into their own hands. The spokesmen of the South found they must now follow instead of leading, and Mr. BUCHANAN has discovered

that he has been treating with persons who had lost their authority to stipulate on behalf of the real sovereigns of the Slave States. These mutual discoveries explain the humiliating correspondence in which the PRESIDENT has been compelled to engage with the Commissioners of South Carolina. No doubt he had pledged himself not to reinforce the Southern forts, but he can have had no suspicion that so simple a precaution as that taken by the commandant of Fort Moultrie would be charged against him as a breach of faith. Major ANDERSON, who had the command of the two fortresses in Charleston Harbour, and who was in possession of the PRESIDENT's orders to "resist to the extremity" in a certain contingency, naturally thought fit to abandon Fort Moultrie, which is assailable by land, and to concentrate his forces in Fort Sumter, which stands in the stream, and is impregnable unless to a naval attack. Charleston is thereupon said to be roused to uncontrollable indignation, and the South Carolinian Commissioners refuse to treat further with President BUCHANAN unless he recalls Major ANDERSON and again places the forts at the mercy of the Charleston populace. The fact is that the "mean whites" had seriously believed the forts would be surrendered to them, and their insolence has forced the Commissioners to make the movement of Major ANDERSON a pretext for withdrawing from negotiation.

President BUCHANAN has therefore to do that which he might have done two months since with much less risk, with much more effect, and with much slighter damage to his own reputation. Troops are beginning to be despatched to the fortresses of the South, and ships-of-war sent to command the entrances of the principal Southern harbours. But these comparatively energetic measures are in many instances too late, for several of the Federal strongholds have already been captured by the secessionists. It seems as if Mr. BUCHANAN will not even have succeeded in completing the term of his Presidency without beginning the civil war of which, in his latest Message, he proclaims his loathing and terror. In that case, the Government of Mr. LINCOLN—which will be installed in four or five weeks—commences its period of authority without having the onus thrown on it of an abrupt departure from Mr. BUCHANAN's policy of conciliation. There is no doubt that, whatever the existing PRESIDENT might have done, his successor would have had to act at once with energy. Public opinion in the Northern States is at last thoroughly roused; and as the proposal to arm the New York militia emanated, not from the Republicans, but from the Democrats, it is probable that all political sections are virtually united in the wish that secession should be treated as treason. So strong is this feeling—so deep is the humiliation of Northern citizens at the notion that the country of whose destinies they have so boasted is ready at any moment to fly into thirty-three pieces, like an ARMSTRONG shell—that the well-wishers of the Union rejoice to learn that Mr. LINCOLN has already composed his Cabinet of those leaders of the Republican party who are most inclined to compromise with the South. Mr. SEWARD, who has accepted the principal office, has, in our judgment, displayed much political dishonesty, but the laxity of his principles probably prevents his being mastered by anger or enthusiasm, and he has certainly let it be understood, ever since Mr. LINCOLN's election, that he hopes, in spite of all that has occurred, to come to terms with the secessionists. The posture of affairs is so formidable, and their future combinations so uncertain, that the policy most fit to be pursued a month hence must be matter of the merest conjecture; but no doubt that which Mr. SEWARD is said to advise has much to recommend it. He is said to maintain that the Government of the Union should force the Southern States to discharge their Federal duties at all hazards, but that Republicans who support the new Cabinet should spare no pains in searching for an admissible scheme of compromise; that overt acts of disloyalty should be punished, but the door never closed against an honourable and easy return to allegiance.

There is no advantage in discussing the chances of a civil war until it is known beyond all doubt to have been actually kindled. But two facts may be mentioned which have a more direct bearing on the too probable contest than have most of the considerations which decide the opinions of Englishmen. One is, that the South is much more thoroughly and universally armed than was at first supposed. It is much to be feared that it owes its state of preparation to treason among the PRESIDENT's own advisers. Mr. FLOYD, who held the Secretaryship at War till a few weeks since, and who



resigned it on the PRESIDENT's refusal to disown Major ANDERSON, proves to have despatched many thousand stand of arms during the last few months to the most mutinous of the Cotton States. An act of Congress which permitted him to sell such weapons as had been rendered useless by recent improvements in gun-making, appears to have given him facilities for almost emptying the United States' arsenals of rifles, muskets, and bayonets. But the advantage thus obtained is balanced by a most formidable disadvantage. Even thus early, the Southern States are beginning to suffer from scarcity of provisions. It is now at least a quarter of a century since the Slave States ceased to produce enough corn and meat for their own subsistence, and their dependence on the North has been greatly increased during the last ten years by the exclusive devotion of their capital and labour, under the influence of high prices, to the cultivation of cotton. Importation has already slackened through the distrust occasioned by the commercial crisis, but there is every reason to believe that it will be entirely stopped, or reduced to an insignificant quantity, by the outbreak of civil war. No police, it is true, will ever be established by the American Government along the immense frontier of the Free States, but, when men's passions have once been inflamed by the spectacle of bloodshed, he will be a bold man who buys up flour or pork in the West for Southern consumption. No prediction concerning the war can be confidently made, but, should it once begin, this plentifulness of firearms and scarcity of food in the rebellious States seem to promise a conflict sharp but short. The resistance made to the forces of the United States will be doubtless anything but contemptible, but the stubborn endurance of the War of Independence will never be shown by men who are not only pinched themselves, but condemned to witness the destruction of that slave property which they are not ashamed to love more than their country.

#### MR. EDWIN JAMES AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

A SPEECH by Mr. EDWIN JAMES, on things in general, is not calculated to excite eager curiosity, yet it is possible to derive instruction from the most unpromising sources, if motives, occasions, and circumstances are duly taken into consideration. The electors of Marylebone exercise a fraction of Parliamentary power, and they also represent with tolerable fidelity the opinions or favourite phrases of other large constituencies. Mr. JAMES is sufficiently adroit to employ the arguments and assertions which are likely to gratify his audience; and on the whole it is interesting to find how easily a loud and unreflecting multitude may be satisfied. It is of course necessary that the popular member should profess extreme opinions, even when his own political aspirations are of the most temperate kind; but the Marylebone Vestry is perfectly content to do without reform, if its representative only expresses a general desire for constitutional change. Finding himself firm in his seat, Mr. EDWIN JAMES naturally abstains from the profuse pledges by which Mr. LAYARD secured his election in Southwark; and probably the member for Marylebone understands more accurately the character and taste of a metropolitan constituency. If a few conventional professions are reduced to their real value, it will be found that Mr. JAMES earned the applause of Marylebone by a confession of faith which might easily be adopted by Lord PALMERSTON, or even by Lord DERBY. The zealous reformer's opposition to the Reform Bill of last year was readily condoned by his sympathizing audience, and it was found possible even to protest with impunity against the recent demonstration of the professed advocates of retrenchment. There is an unexpected consistency in Mr. JAMES's distrust of French policy, and, as a professed admirer of GARIBALDI, he can scarcely affect to believe in the permanence of European peace. To Marylebone, peace and war are probably indifferent, as long as its chosen representative denounces the extravagance of the Government, and recommends retrenchment in the abstract.

The sixty members who signed the memorial to Lord PALMERSTON have to a certain extent a definite object. Under the inspiration of Mr. COBDEN, they desire to disarm the country, although they introduce some vague allusion to the Miscellaneous Estimates. It is not difficult to trace in their language the influence of the august friend who a year ago assured Mr. COBDEN that he had no disposable army, and that he was barely keeping his navy in repair. It would still be agreeable to France that England should discontinue the preparations which have largely increased her influence

in European affairs. The memorial to Lord PALMERSTON recites the Commercial Treaty and the abolition of passports with all the fidelity of a French official journal. The members who have signed it may infer from the proceedings of Marylebone that a policy of helpless confidence, transmitted from Paris, is not yet popular with the multitude. Mr. JAMES is fortunately provided with an alternative method of enforcing strict economy on the Government. If the discontented sixty would only enrol themselves under the banner of Mr. WILLIAMS, they might, as it is suggested, effect special savings in the estimates, instead of merely protesting against the total expenditure of the Government. It seems that Mr. JAMES has been in the habit, not only of speaking several times in the early part of the evening, but of sitting through the long string of items which are night after night brought forward by the heads of different departments. It follows that he is accurately informed of the practical futility of the course which he recommends. Mr. WILLIAMS seldom succeeds in saving the salary of a single clerk, although he questions every vote in succession. The House of Commons, after determining that the national defences shall be maintained, is disposed to accept the statements of the Government as to the necessary amount of expenditure. When an abuse is discovered, the exposure can be more easily effected by members who are not known as the indiscriminate opponents of all public expenditure. Large retrenchments can only be accomplished by powerful Ministers, thoroughly acquainted with the necessities of the service and possessing the confidence of the House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE's desire of parsimony is wholly useless to the country, because he is inclined to save outlay without reference to its expediency or necessity. Marylebone, however, prefers a frequent speaker and regular attendant to the most successful of financial reformers. Extreme Liberalism is compatible with a laudable indifference to actual innovation. The Ballot itself would lose all its attractions if it ceased to be an unsatisfied demand.

When the Reform Bill of last year was under discussion, many members on the Ministerial side took a leading part in the attacks which ultimately terminated its existence. Credulous politicians, remembering the recent pledges of the hustings, looked with some anxiety to the reception which the opponents of the measure might expect from their reforming constituencies, and a pleasant surprise has been produced by the general acquiescence of the country in the disappointment of its ostensible hopes and wishes. Sir J. RAMSDEN was barely called to account in Yorkshire. Mr. MASSEY appears still to enjoy the confidence of Salford. Mr. BLACK has been assailed for his vote on a wretched Annuity tax, while he opposed the Reform Bill with impunity; and last of all, Mr. EDWIN JAMES receives a unanimous vote of confidence, after an explanation which leaves his motives utterly obscure. The electors of Marylebone were supposed to desire the largest possible extension of a franchise which could hardly be bestowed on a community less responsible than their own, yet Mr. EDWIN JAMES, who adopts all their opinions, was anxious to prove to the House of Commons that the addition to the constituencies would greatly exceed the estimated amount. A real supporter of promiscuous suffrage, if he had perceived the error, would assuredly have concealed the discovery. Mr. JAMES, of course, professed to rejoice in the dilution of the constituent body, but he well understood the inference which the House of Commons would practically draw from his statistics. No Liberal member took a more active part in defeating the Bill, nor were any of its numerous opponents more triumphant when the result was achieved. The explanation of the motives which led to a paradoxical course of action is only intended for the platform at Marylebone. Mr. JAMES's hostility to Reform is creditable to his good sense, but his personal opinions are less important than the approval of his conduct by a numerous constituency. It is satisfactory to find that prudence and caution are reconcileable with unlimited promises.

In dealing with the Paper-duty dispute, Mr. JAMES perhaps remembered that his colleague had professed an extravagant amount of patriotic wrath against the encroachment of the Lords. Lord FERMOY had appealed to a feeling of constitutional indignation which unluckily happened not to exist, and Mr. EDWIN JAMES takes the opportunity of intimating his opinion that the repeal of the duty was a mistake. He was himself, it seems, friendly to the Ministerial proposal; but some well-informed persons thought that the revenue could not spare the amount. In other words,

Marylebone and its more popular member consider the repeal a blunder and the agitation a failure. Both the speaker and his audience were more at ease when he passed from forgotten domestic grievances to the praises of GARIBALDI, and to the expression of general sympathy with Italy. The electors generously forgot the little error of interfering for the purpose of causing half-a-dozen soldiers to be shot, and they loudly applauded the man who had shaken hands, almost on the field of battle, with the celebrated Liberator. Their perfect satisfaction with the opinions of their representative ought to augur well for the tranquillity of the ensuing session. The fierce democracy which is more interested in a foreign struggle than in indigenous grievances can entertain no present desire to foment a revolution. It is, on the whole, lucky that prudent men of the world are chosen to represent metropolitan boroughs in preference to earnest fanatics. The large professions of the hustings exhaust the dangerous energies both of the constituency and of their manageable member.

#### POLITICAL FREEDOM IN FRANCE.

M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC has recently published a pamphlet in which he respectfully pronounces the decree of the 24th of November to be a mistake. He gives his readers to understand that the EMPEROR has, for the moment, lost sight of the true principles of modern democracy. France, in spite of some sad divergences, has worked for two centuries at least in setting these principles afloat, and before the EMPEROR issued his incongruous decree threatening to revive an illogical freedom, the business was pretty well finished, and modern democracy had reached its perfect type. This type consists in a Government that shall relieve individuals of all the cares of thought, choice, and responsibility. A vast hierarchy of authorities is to regulate everything from the highest to the lowest. Every one is to have his place. The Minister works under the EMPEROR, the préfet under the Minister, the sous-préfet under the préfet, and so on until we come down to the crossing-sweeper and the water-carrier. Everything which has to be done for other people is done by some one belonging to the hierarchy. Every one who follows a calling must do so with the permission of the authorities. The physician, the engineer, the innkeeper, are all to receive a license to ply their trades. The whole of society is to be distributed into the vast body of governors, infinite in degrees of rank, and a body of governed who have no rank or recognised existence, and who have nothing to do but to live, grow rich, and die. Political discussion or the imparting of political information may be advantageous to the Government. It may tend to promote general cheerfulness if the governed are occasionally permitted to see what the hierarchy is doing, and why. But the Government must decide how far this is advantageous. A free press is, therefore, an absurdity; and the only good point which M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC can see in the EMPEROR's decree is, that it does not relieve the press in France from any of its fetters. As French critics have remarked, all this is only setting up a China in Europe. The mandarins are to be in harmony with the Celestial Eye; and although there are to be some mandarins with gold buttons, and others with mere plain blue buttons, yet the mandarins, big and small, make up the State; and the millions outside the official pale are, as the French préfet said of the journalists, only "individuals." It is worth observing, that M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC's theory is really exactly that of those persons in England who think that an all-wise despotism is the ideal of Government. Obviously, if the benevolent despot is to do the good he is intended to do, he must have a perfect and ubiquitous machinery standing apart from the framework of subordinate society, in order to make his wisdom supersede the wrong judgment displayed by men who are left to choose for themselves.

There is nothing like pushing a theory to the extreme in order to see what it is like. M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC is quite right in saying that the theory of French democracy under the Empire is the Chinese theory. A logical country might be expected not to interfere with the completeness of its doctrine by wishing for the barbarous anomalies of independent voting and independent journalism. But somehow the Chinese theory, although it hangs about their path at every step they take, does not quite content all Frenchmen. The mandarins with the gilt buttons do not seem very divine

to those who see them close at hand. The Celestial Eye has therefore seen fit to introduce a little change into the system. The Senate has met this week, and the first subject it has been invited to discuss is the proposal or order that reports of all that is done in both Chambers shall be sent to the journals. Next week it will be engaged in registering the provisions for a debate on the address and for what are called *porte-voix* Ministers. These changes have undoubtedly been designed as tributes to the barbarous spirit of liberty. But M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC may console himself by reflecting that they do not necessarily or seriously impair the Chinese fabric which he hopes is set up for everlasting in France. The Government creates this discussion, this exposition of Ministerial plans, this expression of opinion, as much as it creates anything else. The object of the proposed changes is not to check the Government, but to guide it. The Mandarins have invented a new sort of barometer in order to see when it will be worth while to take out an umbrella. The measures which the Government intend to carry will be stated and defended by the talking mandarins, just as a French dramatist reads his play over to a circle of friends before it is represented on the stage. The critics are invited to amend or applaud, but not to damn, their friend's performance. The dramatist hopes that if any of the criticism he hears is to his taste he may profit by it in time, and that what is approved of by his private hearers will be as widely puffed as possible. But the critics do not interfere with the performance of the piece. In the same way, discussion by persons selected by the authorities, and terminating in mere talk, is no real violation of the principle of doing everything by authority.

M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC would probably reply that, although discussion is theoretically consistent with the great principles of Chinese France, yet it is practically superfluous. It must be either a pure farce, or must end in a very laborious method of suggesting trifling improvements to good measures. We cannot think that this need necessarily be so. All will depend on the character and ability of those who are invited to take part in the discussions, and on the eagerness of the Government to listen to useful hints. It so happens that our Indian system of government offers a very close parallel to the proposed machinery of the higher Government in France. We do not carry out our benevolent despotism so as to imitate the lower stages of the modern democratical hierarchy, but the higher mechanism of our Indian despotism is constructed on a plan very similar to the higher mechanism of French despotism. The Indian Secretary, like the EMPEROR, is really autocratic, and occasionally exerts his authority without consulting his subordinates. Beneath him come the Council at home, and the Executive Government in India, who, like the Ministers and the Legislative bodies in France, carry on the daily drudgery of office, and put what they are told to do and say into proper shape. In neither system, however, has the mechanism been found complete unless it goes beyond this point. In France, it is now proposed to add a special corps of Ministers, who are to start, maintain, and facilitate discussion. In India, it has been found advisable to establish a Legislative Council. Whether India has got exactly what it wants is a topic we do not now wish to enter on; but no one who institutes the comparison can doubt that the Legislative Council in India is an adjunct to our system of the same character, and designed for the same purposes, as the addition to the Imperial system of France which was introduced by the decree of last November. The Legislative Council at Calcutta has answered some purposes very well. Its debates are very carefully reported, and thus the Indian public has the opportunity of seeing what the Government intends to do in its legislative capacity, what are its reasons, and what are the objections which have been stated and overruled. The Council has also frequently succeeded in showing that proposed changes would not work well, and were not suited to the country to which they were meant to be applied. India has gained by the institution of the Legislative Council, although, as in the French arena of discussion, the great majority of the disputants are dependent on the Government, and all have owed their entrance to its favour. No one can assert that the liberty and publicity of discussion accorded by the EMPEROR's decree may not be beneficial so far as they go. All that can be said is, that they do not approach to what we mean by political freedom in England, and that they are perfectly consistent with a theory of government to which political freedom is entirely alien.



The most sanguine advocates of political freedom in France content themselves with remarking that, although these changes do not introduce or involve liberty, they may be used as a stepping-stone to liberty. The French people, who are supposed to have wished for them, may be induced to wish for something like them, but different. There are one or two things inconsistent with the Chinese system that still survive in France, and which, if allowed to flourish, might give a new character to the liberty of discussion in the Assembly. There is a little—it is but a very little—independent journalism left alive in Paris, and M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC is indisputably right in saying that a free press is in direct contradiction to government by a hierarchy of mandarins. Electors, again, are supposed to vote as they please. It is a supposition as notoriously false as any hypothesis can possibly be. But elections do go on, and it is conceivable in theory that any particular election might be permitted to be a fair one. It is expected that the EMPEROR will dissolve the Legislative Body this spring, and then, if any political liberty were to be permitted, some at least of the electors might be encouraged to vote as they pleased. Unfortunately, they will want a great deal of encouragement, as the Chinese never can be brought to believe that the mandarins will not, sooner or later, punish them for not knowing that the secret wishes of persons in authority must be divined and obeyed. But a greater freedom of the press and of voting can only be accorded, so long as the Empire lasts, by particular persons in high authority, who choose, for one reason or another, to set it up. M. DE PERSIGNY has lately intimated a wish—which is probably sincere—to establish the rudiments of real political liberty. The prayer of the few Liberals who remain in France ought, therefore, to be that M. DE PERSIGNY may continue of the same mind, and may be able to introduce anomalies in the system by which he thrives. But it will not do to be very hopeful. There is a dead weight in the system of Chinese Government which we may fear it will require a stronger Hercules than M. DE PERSIGNY to lift; and it ought not to be forgotten that a French Hercules is very apt to go off to another miraculous labour before he has finished the one in hand.

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC ARGUMENT.

THERE is no form of controversy which so surely ends in nothing as that in which one of the disputants argues on his adversary's principles without conceding them himself. Nobody was ever reduced to anything but a passion by an attempt to extract an advantage out of him by mere logical dexterity. Unfortunately for the Roman Catholic Church, all its reasoning at the present day is exactly of this character. It presses its opponents with their admissions, but never allows for a moment that it agrees with the principle admitted. Roman Catholic controversialists never seem to perceive that they thus render the highest possible homage to the Protestants and Liberals with whom they are at issue, without advancing one step towards making the impression they desire. By implication they confess that equity, toleration, good government, and respect for parental authority are Protestant and Liberal practices, inasmuch as they constantly appeal to them; but, since they never frankly meet the question why they have not themselves practised them, they gain absolutely nothing by charging their adversaries with violating or disregarding them. It is only in forensic disputes that mere argument prevails. In practical life, logic is of no avail, unless seconded by the conduct and strengthened by the consistency of the logician.

There is something to be said on the Roman Catholic side in all the disputes which disturb the peace of Ireland. No reasonable man can fail to see that the Irish Protestant Church is assailable as the Church of a minority, and that its position is made rather weaker than stronger by calling it a Missionary Church. But do the Roman Catholic writers who clamour for its overthrow themselves admit that the dissent of a majority is fatal to the claims of a National Church, and do they deny the right of Governments to support ecclesiastical establishments for purposes of proselytism? The contrary is written in every line of history, and stares us in the face from every document which the Holy See publishes in Italy. There is an almost childish reliance on the blindness of their opponents in those who reckon up in imposing totals the number of dissidents from the Irish establishment, and then absolutely disregard the number of votes recorded against Ecclesiastical Government in Central Italy. It argues, moreover, something

which the laical mind would regard as consummate impudence to denounce the claim of the Protestant majority in England to keep up a Missionary Church in Ireland at the same moment that the Roman Catholic majority throughout Christendom is declared to have the right of inflicting a detested Government on the subjects of the Holy See. This silly belief that the present state of thought will admit of the employment of two weights and two measures in controversy distinguishes the arguments of the Irish Roman Catholics on all the other points on which they allege themselves to be wronged. There is fair excuse for an outcry if Bishop PLUNKET has really ejected a portion of his Partry tenantry because they decline to send their children to his Protestant schools; but the clamour only causes a smile if it comes from those who habitually maintain that the Church has a divine right to the control of education, and who hold that an Italian State is well administered if its subjects are prohibited by the penal law from frequenting any schools except those managed by Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. Precisely for the same reasons Roman Catholics make no progress in persuading the public to take their view of a question which they declare to be the most vital of all. They wish to have the mode of education in workhouses fundamentally altered. At present, if a pauper can be identified by positive evidence as the child of Roman Catholic parents, his religious education is committed, not to the parson, but to the priest. But the Romanists claim more than this. They insist that whenever a child with Celtic features is found to have been abandoned by his father and mother, there shall be a presumption *juris et de jure* that he was born a Roman Catholic, and that as such he ought to be educated. This singular view, which looks almost like a *reductio ad absurdum* of the doctrine that the parent has a natural right to dictate the faith in which his child shall be brought up, derives additional oddity from its being advanced in a world ringing with the story of the young MORTARA, and from its being the favourite subject of complaint with the very prelate who has all but canonized Miss AYLMER for defying at the same moment both natural and civil law.

We take the fact to be that Roman Catholic controversialists overrate the virtues of Liberals and Protestants. It is quite true that we, on the whole, disapprove of the tyranny of minorities over majorities, that we reverence the rights of conscience, and that we respect the authority of parents. Great impression is often made upon us by the appeal to these principles; but still, whether from being debauched by traditions of former ages, or from having constantly before us the example of intolerance, we are not quite as virtuous as we might be. There are cases in which we shrink from acting upon our admissions, and, when pressed too hard, even doubt whether we have been right in making them. Illogical and inconsistent as the course may be, when we are called upon to carry still further the rules of conduct which generally guide us, we expect that those who make the demand will themselves admit our maxims. The Irish Roman Catholics have a very simple task before them if they wish to obtain further concessions. Let any fraction of them which from station or number may fairly claim to represent the whole body declare that they demand for Italy or for Austria the same treatment which they insist upon for Ireland. If this were once done, the few reforms which Liberal and Protestant England still refuses to Ireland would not be long of accomplishment. But the cowardly self-abasement of the Irish laity at the feet of the priesthood has put an end for the present to all prospect of further progress in the equalization of the Irish sects. It is indeed wonderful that Irishmen should not perceive the disadvantage at which they stand since they submitted themselves to priestly leadership. "Justice to Ireland" stopped from the moment when the change took place. It is quite ludicrous to call to mind the concessions extorted under O'CONNELL's guidance, and to compare them with the utter stagnation into which the country has settled down since the clergy took the political management into their own hands. O'CONNELL was not an estimable man, nor in many respects a creditable leader; and during the later years of his life he became a rather abject devotee of his Church; but during the greater part of his career he was essentially a layman, and thus it was that his triumphs were achieved. Strict as was his alliance with the priests, it was he that was master, and not they; and more than once, when the Holy See attempted to interfere with his plans, he encountered it with a remonstrance which looked very much like a reprimand. It is only just to allow that he always professed the most implicit allegiance to the great principles on which he based

his demands, and he is entitled to have it believed of him, that, if a crisis like that of which Italy is the theatre had occurred in the flower of his days, his sympathies would have been with the struggling people against their prescriptive tyrants. But he has been succeeded by a race of politicians who pride themselves on their spiritual thralldom, and who gain nothing, because they have neither eloquence to deck out nor ingenuity to conceal the dishonesty of their second-hand arguments. Englishmen are getting persuaded that they would deserve to be laughed at if they listened to the clamour of an Irish Roman Catholic for further reform.

#### THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF INDIA.

A SINGULAR agitation, which perhaps assumes a less formidable appearance in Calcutta than in the report of the *Times'* Correspondent, seems to have diverted the attention of the people of India, for the moment, from the worn-out topics of Income-tax papers and indigo contracts. Sir CHARLES WOOD has, for some reasons which do not clearly appear, thought the time opportune for making a splendid grant to the representatives of the family of our former enemy TIPPOO. On the face of it, this magnificent piece of liberality looks quite uncalled for; but it is only fair to suspend a final judgment upon it until the Secretary of State for India has had the opportunity—which will doubtless be afforded him in Parliament—of urging the considerations which he has thought sufficient to justify the grant, and also of stating whether it was made with the sanction, or even with the previous knowledge, of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. Unless a strict right to the annuity under engagements binding on the British Government can be made out, it will be scarcely possible to defend what has been done. There are but two possible motives for conferring pecuniary benefits on the descendants of a usurper whose subjugation cost us a vast amount of trouble. One is generosity—the other policy. Generosity is an excellent virtue, but it never shines less than when practised at the expense of others. When Sir CHARLES WOOD decrees the payment to TIPPOO's heirs of an annuity which, when capitalized, amounts to half a million sterling, he is simply transferring a very handsome amount of cash from the population of India to his immediate favourite; and the justice of the grant must depend, not on the moral title of one party to the transaction alone, but on the relative claims of those who will bear the burden and those who will enjoy the benefit.

Whatever case may hereafter be made out in favour of the recipients of this Imperial bounty, it will be difficult to put their claims higher than those of the people whose well-being we have undertaken to foster. At this moment it is admitted that we are not doing our duty to those whom we govern in the East; or at least that we are not doing what would be our obvious duty if we had but the means to perform it. Whole provinces of India are languishing, and occasionally starving, for want of the assistance which would be afforded by the completion of the great agricultural works which have been at a stand-still since the mutiny broke out. The plea for our neglect has been merely the want of money, and when an annual sum representing the interest of 500,000*l.* is added to the permanent charges on the Indian revenue, the question naturally suggests itself whether it would not have been wiser, juster, and more generous—if that is to be the word—to expend our resources upon the soil of India than to waste them in swelling the magnificence of a dispossessed family. Half-a-million would have done wonders, if judiciously applied, towards the completion of the suspended irrigation works, and the excuse of poverty can scarcely be urged by a Government which indulges in the luxury of benevolence on the most princely scale. If it could be asserted, with any show of reason, that the family of TIPPOO are persons of influence so formidable as to be worth buying at this enormous price, or that the honour of England stands in any way pledged to the course which has been taken, Sir CHARLES WOOD would have a sufficient justification; but the truth seems to be that the gift, if it be a gift, is an act of gratuitous extravagance, and that the name of TIPPOO is one of the least important among the relics of reigning families, while the existence of a contract binding us to award so large an allowance has not yet been satisfactorily established. For the present, however, we are content to wait until both sides of the controversy have been heard. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the act itself, the manner in which the resistance to it

has been conducted is a subject of the gravest consequence. The Legislative Council of India has taken up the question with a zeal which would be highly commendable in the members of Her MAJESTY'S Opposition at home. There have been close divisions, able and argumentative speeches, motions for the production of papers supposed to be extremely embarrassing to the Government, and very gratifying to the fomenters of out-of-door agitation. Ultimately the point was carried against the Government by the casting-vote of the Chief Justice, and the leaders of the Indian Opposition retired with the pleasing consciousness of having won a great party victory on a question on which they believed, and very possibly rightly believed, Sir CHARLES WOOD to have been guilty of a flagrant error. Resistance to the decrees of the Home authorities is not of necessity displeasing to a foreign Governor, and the unusual triumph of the Opposition will perhaps be endured with corresponding resignation. Still the precedent is not a good one. We are used to struggles of this kind at home, and know their value in the conduct of constitutional government. But India is not a constitutional country; and it may be doubted whether the existence of a violent Opposition party is altogether conducive to the tranquillity and good government of a dependent province. Even here, with all our ideas of freedom, we should be a little shocked to see the Opposition led by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE; but in India it is the rule that the same persons who fill the highest positions on the Bench should also go in for the honours which attend upon political agitation. It is quite intelligible why this should be so. The English Bar is so thoroughly imbued with the idea of constitutional freedom, that no man is so ill-fitted as a barrister to act as the adviser of a despotic Government such as that of India is and must remain. The duty of protesting against every abuse of authority, and maintaining the rights of the subject against all encroachment, is so engrained into the existence of every English lawyer, whether he may call himself a Tory or a Radical, that he cannot easily shake it off. This feeling, creditable as it may be to lawyers as a class, is by no means an unmixed good in such a body as the Legislative Council of India. Instead of being content to assist the authorities with their advice and control them by their influence, the members of the Council, and the judicial members above all, seem bent upon claiming the utmost privileges which are enjoyed by the members of a Parliamentary Opposition. Severe criticism, pungent attacks, and forced publicity are weapons used as freely in Calcutta as in Westminster. A body which represents no one, and has no Parliamentary rights, chooses this way of asserting its independence of the supreme authority, and does in its own measure the same kind of mischief which won for Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN his recall from the Government of Madras.

The control of public opinion is, no doubt, valuable as a check upon the abuse of unlimited authority; but the action of self-constituted representatives or creators of native discontent, is a dangerous specific for the blunders which the absolute rulers of India may commit. So much publicity as may enable the few English politicians who study the affairs of India to judge of the policy pursued in the administration of the country, is in its way useful, though not free from attendant evils; but the Legislative Council, in claiming the right to expose every mistake of the Government before the eyes of Hindoos and Mahometans, is a very questionable institution. The little conflict in which the Indian Opposition has just triumphed may perhaps hasten the re-organization which is essential to the working of the Legislative Council. A change has long been called for on both sides. The party of European settlers, as they call themselves, have been clamouring for years for a development of the quasi-Parliamentary powers which the Council has assumed; while sober politicians who wish to see an anomalous rule in India administered with as much harmony and efficiency as the case admits of, are equally decided in condemning the course which some members of the Council, in deference to what is called Indian public opinion, have chosen to adopt. It may be a very noble and generous instinct which prompts Sir BARNES PEACOCK and others to put themselves forward as the declared champions of native rights, and it is certainly desirable that the Councils of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL should not be wanting in men who will make the interests of the natives their chief concern. But it is one of the necessary conditions of the case that such advocacy, to be useful to its objects without endangering and discrediting the Govern-



ment, should be as far removed as possible from anything like popular agitation. There is no room for platform distinction under a despotic Government, and in attempting to assume the functions of a representative assembly, the Legislative Council is really working for the defeat of its own objects and paving the way for its own dissolution.

#### TRADES UNIONS.

A FEW weeks since we discussed some of the arguments adduced by the members of the Committee of the Social Science Association on the subject of Trades Unions. The most prominent theory in defence of trade combinations was that which we noticed as having been advanced by Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, who acted as one of the secretaries of the Committee. It was simply this—that the purchase and sale of labour cannot be governed by the same laws which suffice to secure a fair price for every other purchasable commodity—that a man who brings himself into the market is not to be treated in the same way as one who offers a bale of goods for sale—that labour has a will and intelligence of its own which take it out of the pale of the law of supply and demand, which, when left to itself, maintains so uniform a price for ordinary commodities. The short answer to these arguments is that the comparison is not properly between the labourer in the one case and the goods sold in the other, although, as a rhetorical artifice, this way of presenting the question is ingenious enough. In each case, whether of the sale of goods or the sale of labour, there is a seller with a will of his own, and what makes the parallel still closer is that all dealings are substantially sales and purchases of labour. If one man works all day, and then brings the product of his toil into the market for sale, he is just as much selling his labour as another who undertakes beforehand to do a day's work for a stipulated price. This theory, therefore, fails to explain why a system of combination and monopoly which is allowed to be mischievous in the one case should be pronounced the only true method of organizing trade in the other.

But this is not the only form in which the contention of the Unionists is put forward. A slightly divergent school of working men's friends are willing to admit the parallel between traffic in goods and traffic in labour, and say that if competition is to govern prices, it is right and reasonable for the parties to the labour contract to make such arrangements as they may find necessary or advantageous in the conduct of the perpetual conflict between buyers and sellers. Labourers have therefore a right, it is said, to combine, if without combination they find it practically impossible to secure the fair market price for their work; and that it is practically impossible is contended on the ground that the possession of capital, and the consequent power of holding out for a time against the demands of the labourer, gives to the employer an overwhelming advantage, which an isolated workman is altogether unable to struggle against. This is true only in the same sense in which it is true that isolated customers have no power to resist any demands for an increased price which the shopkeeper who supplies their daily wants may choose to make. If a baker suddenly demands from all his customers more money for a loaf of bread, they are just as much at his mercy as the workman is at the mercy of an employer who demands an increased quantity of work for every shilling of wages which he pays. But experience shows that this danger is purely imaginary in the one case, for if one baker raises his prices his customers go to other shops; and there is no very obvious reason why, when one manufacturer proposes harder terms to his men, they should not go to other employers. In either case, if all bakers or all employers acted in combination, the isolated customers and the isolated workmen would be at their mercy. But such combinations are equally rare among shopkeepers and employers, and, on the contrary, it is found that the competition between rival traders is always keen enough to keep down profits in the long run to a reasonable rate.

This view, like that which we considered before, fails to show any *à priori* necessity for combination on the part of workmen any more than on the part of customers. But the ultimate appeal on such points is, and must be, to facts, and the advocates of Trades Unions claim all the known facts as telling decidedly in their favour. They assert with the utmost confidence, that where trade is left to regulate itself labourers do not get such good wages as they are able to secure by force of union; and they further insist, con-

trary to the impression commonly entertained, that strikes are much more often successful than not, and that there is no example of any general rise in wages taking place without the forcible argument of an actual or threatened strike. If all this were true, a strong case would be made out in support of the anomalous doctrine that, while competition works smoothly and perfectly in every other branch of traffic, combination is the only possible way of securing fair dealing in the labour market. But it seems to us that the narratives which the Committee have collected altogether fail to prove these assertions. The answer to the allegation that free competition does not secure fair prices is that free competition has never been tried. Until comparatively modern times, combination against the labourer was the rule recognised not only by employers, but by Parliament itself. From the fourteenth century till within fifty years of the present time, the Statute-book is crowded with enactments forbidding labourers of different kinds to take more than a prescribed amount of wages, though even then the force of competition was so far felt that it was found necessary to punish, not only the workman who refused to work for the statutory wage, but the master who offered higher terms. Of course, this system was not free competition; but no sooner was it abolished than associations of working men began to dictate a minimum price of labour, just as Parliament had before dictated its maximum amount. This is, and is avowed to be, combination on the other side; and neither during the old nor the recent periods has free competition ever had a trial except within very narrow limits. Even there, so far as can be judged, there are no reasons to pronounce it a failure. It is said, indeed, that a marked general rise in wages is never seen in the absence of union among the working men. But this, so far as it is true, is the strongest argument in favour of the free-trade principle. It is the very essence of competition to work silently and gradually. There is never absolute uniformity in the price of any commodity; but the instant that local variations become appreciable in amount, the price tends everywhere to approximate to its natural rate by changes which are not the less important because they are so gradual as scarcely to be noticed. Under a system of combination, on the other hand, you always have uniformity for a greater or less time, followed by a universal rise or fall, the suddenness and violence of which is the plainest proof that the machinery employed does not work in an easy and satisfactory manner. The fluctuations in corn were ten times greater while the trade was regulated by law than they are under free competition, and if the argument of the unionists were applied to the corn market, it might be said that Free-trade is very bad for the sellers of corn, because they never get the sudden increase of price which often made their fortunes under the old law. That free competition does keep the rate of wages pretty near to its natural level is clear enough in the few cases where it is allowed to work. Some years ago the market price of agricultural labour in Ireland, even at harvest time, was miserably low, in consequence of the population having increased faster than the wealth or civilization of the country. An Irish peasant gets little enough now, it is true, but he gets three times as much as he did, because the supply of labour has diminished while the demand has increased. This change has been gradual, and is still going on. It has been effected without a trace of combination on the part of the labourers, and is probably quite as large, though not so sudden, as if it had been brought about by a universal strike.

The other alleged fact which is put forward, as to the frequent success of strikes, is not less delusive. The truth is clearly brought out by the narratives of the Committee themselves, and it is exactly in accordance with what might have been predicted. When strikes are small and local they often prosper, because they do not provoke counter-combination; but whenever a strike is organized on a sufficiently grand scale to frighten the masters into organized resistance, it almost invariably fails. The more Trade Societies are fostered, and the more complete their organization becomes, the less chance they have of success. As a rule, small strikes succeed and large strikes fail, and any encouragement given to Trades Unions would simply tempt them to bolder and more disastrous efforts.

If these facts prove, as we believe they do, that combination is not advantageous for working men, it is not necessary to dwell upon the injustice which always follows the establishment of a Union. Mr. LUSHINGTON has contributed to the volume issued by the Committee several valuable papers, in

which he supports the claim of Trades Unions, under proper regulations, to national recognition. He is at least not biased against the cause of union, and he tells us that the treatment of non-unionists depends not so much on the nature of the trade or the character of the leaders as upon the strength of the Union. If the Union form a clear majority of the trade, there is generally an express law or imperative custom prohibiting members altogether from working by the side of non-unionists. If the Union is not so strong, the prohibition is qualified, and where non-unionists are the majority both parties work together. In other words, where a union is strong it becomes tyrannical; and an instance is given of one very strong union which publishes a regular black-list of non-unionist members of the trade. Of course these practices are disapproved of, but if they are universal wherever sufficient power exists, it seems to follow inevitably that they are the natural and necessary fruits of the principle of combination. Practically it must be admitted that peaceful combination cannot be, and ought not to be, put down by legislation; but we do not despair of seeing the time when working-men will make the discovery that, by giving fair play to free competition, they will be better off than under a costly system of combination and proscription.

#### IMPUDENCE.

A NEW play is having a great success at Paris, which is designed to show the origin, the nature, and the fortunes of consummate impudence. It is called *Les Effrontés*, and is by M. Augier. The plot of the play is briefly this. At the time when the action commences, Paris is ringing with the details of a very scandalous exposure. A certain M. Vernouillet, manager of a bank, has been declared bankrupt, and although he escapes the penalties of the criminal law, he is universally pronounced a dishonoured man. Impressed with the weight of this verdict of society against him, he determines to leave the country and settle in a colony. He therefore begins to collect his debts, and calls on a friend who owes him money. This friend leaves the room to look up the necessary papers, and Vernouillet finds himself in company with a cynical Marquis, who asks him how much he has managed to clear by his bankruptcy. Vernouillet replies that he has pocketed 800,000 francs. The Marquis replies that a man with that amount of money should never consider himself disgraced, and that Vernouillet might easily make an investment that would at once reinstate him in the esteem of society. The well-known independent journal, *La Conscience Publique*, is in the market, and its owner must always be courted and feared. Vernouillet snaps at the project, and when the master of the house returns, and other visitors pour into the room, an electric effect is produced by Vernouillet announcing that he has arranged to buy the "Public Conscience." All who shunned him before now begin to court him. He becomes the great Vernouillet. Ministers intrigue with him. Speculators pour gold into his lap. The "Public Conscience" becomes of the most elastic character. Everything may be risked when there is an object to be effected. The nicest political question is solved at once—the darkest political difficulty is created or cleared away, as the bears or bulls wish it. A lady offends him, and a scurrilous libel blasts her character and attests his power. The words of the Marquis come true, and Vernouillet's investment has made the disgraced bankrupt a king of society and a leader of the wealth and wit of Paris. In the end, the score is settled with sin, and Vernouillet comes to a properly bad conclusion. Various young persons are made happy, and one or two noble youths, modest, firm, and virtuous, are set on pinnacles. But the real dramatic interest centres in the success of Vernouillet, and the lesson intended to be conveyed is that, in the present state of France, an impudent scoundrel like Vernouillet is pardoned everything and praised by everybody so long as he can make himself feared and knows to whom to sell himself.

The particular form of impudence, or rather shamelessness, which has attracted M. Augier, is that of a venal journalist. It is a form sufficiently obtrusive at Paris just now to force itself on the attention of every honest Frenchman. But in every country there are Vernouillets of some sort or other, and in every country they have occasionally some sort of success. Impudent men get on in the world. This may be owing to the vices of society. It may arise from the timidity of men, from their fear to act and judge for themselves. But, like many bad things, impudence has its use. It keeps society alive. Society ought not to want this stimulus, but it does. The pushing, unscrupulous man is an instrument which serves the purpose of directing society into new channels, of exhibiting new possibilities of action, and of preventing easy old stagers having everything their own way. Who does not know the radical attorney of a country town? He is not a pleasant person. He does not despise the friendship of the Man in the Moon. He instils the notion wherever he can that all the neighbouring squires are combined in a base conspiracy to rob and crush the poor. But he keeps the Tory attorney on hot coals. He makes the respectable, gentle-minded, trusty man of business look as sharp as

he can. It must be confessed that modest respectability has its weaknesses. Especially it has a tendency to become servile—to think that all which great men do is right, and that all the miseries under which society groans are justified by a wise and Tory-loving Providence. The impudent Radical acts as a blister to persons nursed into this servile optimism. He opposes the vulgarity of insolence to the vulgarity of slavish humility. That he is apt to be unscrupulous can scarcely be called a virtue, and yet scruples are so often nothing more than the fibres by which men cling to their old habits, and they are so seldom free from unreasoning sentimentalism, or blind adherence to precedent, that the loud boisterous denunciation of the principles or customs on which they are founded at least answers the end of putting them to the test. It is true that there may be instances where impudence is unredeemed by any benefits it can possibly be supposed to confer. In the instance selected by M. Augier, we cannot say that venal, vulgar journalism does any good. If any recondit use were invented for it, we should feel at once that language was being strained, and that nothing better than a feat of ingenuity was being offered us. A venal, libellous newspaper ensnares the unwary, blackens the good, daunts the timid, and corrupts the general morals, without serving any useful purpose whatever. And what is true of the characteristic form of impudence in France is scarcely less true of the characteristic form of impudence in England. There, impudence develops itself in journalism—here, it develops itself in theology. The only men in England who are utterly shameless—whose impudence, although not of a black kind, is unmitigated—are religious writers. Our impudent men create Millennium panics just as impudent Frenchmen create Bourse panics; and we cannot see that Millennium panics are anything but a sheer evil. But generally impudence, although repulsive and despicable in itself, deserves some of the success it wins, and performs a rough service for the world.

That impudence succeeds is a saying and a fact as old as the hills. We may be quite sure that in the remotest ages a pushing megatherium made his way. But it is pleasant to observe that the success of impudence is, after all, limited. There may be a community in which every one is to a certain degree impudent. Every Missourian or Kentuckian would probably seem impudent to English eyes. But then this is a mere feature of a particular stage of society. Pushing is the universal business of back-woodsmen. No one is impudent where every one is impudent; and it is only in civilized and settled societies that impudence can really show itself. In countries like England and France impudence can do much, but there are bounds set beyond which it cannot pass. Vernouillet makes a fortune; and even without eight hundred thousand francs to begin with, an impudent man may undoubtedly pick up money. But he does not get more for his money than personal luxury and the flattery of fools. There is always a large majority of persons on whom impudence does not impose. The real esteem, respect, and favour of men are reserved for those who have something more than impudence to go upon. Probably if half a dozen persons in mixed society were asked in what English profession impudence was of most use, they would all unanimously reply, the Bar. And yet, if we look to the facts before our eyes, we shall not find that impudence has done much for leading barristers. Of the fifteen judges, how many are there who got on the Bench by impudence? An advocate may by impudence, if to impudence is joined plausibility, make himself conspicuous, amass or squander wealth, live on the tongues of men, and explain to gaping audiences his views on politics and morals; but the men who are above him, who are the authors and expounders of English law, have generally at least sufficient sense to affect gravity and modesty. Those who make and apply popular sayings are apt to judge from a very low level. The advocate who roars like a bull about the innocence of an escaped convict, or who asks a timid girl every question that he can devise to insult her, seems a great man in the eyes of those who like loud roaring and coarse jokes. The success which their favourite wins is one that they can understand. He warps the judgment of twelve fools of their own standing and tastes, and he jingles his guineas in his pockets. In the midst of all their admiration for him, however, they have a secret conviction that the reward he has received is about enough for him, and would agree that the offices commanding respect and requiring dignity and capacity ought to be filled by a very different sort of man.

There are many things which education professes to do, and which it either does not do at all or does very imperfectly. But it does succeed in curing impudence. There may, it is scarcely necessary to say, be persons who in a place of education retain a high degree of impudence. It would be too sanguine a supposition to imagine that there is not a single impudent boy at Eton. But there is scarcely ever an instance of a boy who really avails himself of the opportunities of a good education, and who is impudent. And the reason obviously is, that education sets before young men objects and imbues them with aspirations which are out of the reach of impudence. There is too near an approach to a right standard in good teaching to leave a disciple satisfied wholly with the applause of scoundrels and idiots. Education ought to affect the heart and instil principle. But it often fails in that, for we cannot reach the spirit of our neighbours. The exterior, however, can be dealt with, and a pupil can be made to live in an atmosphere too refined and pure for impudence to breathe. The most that good society will endure is



that mild type of impudence which is called "cheekiness," and even that is looked down on and checked. Among the poor, the power of education in stopping impudence is still more obvious. For their impudence is so coarse that its cessation produces a very marked effect. It is in the power of every village schoolmaster to make his boys so far well-mannered that their behaviour shall be strikingly superior to that of the little wretches who distort their muddy faces at the passing traveller. Some of the simplest things, however, in the education of the poor require most to be insisted on. It needs some firmness in subscribers and patrons to ensure good manners in the boys' schoolroom and plain needlework in the girls'.

So long, too, as nations are not decaying, they gradually shake off the grosser forms of impudence that beset them. Unless France is doomed to intellectual and moral ruin, the day will come when Vernouillet will be an impossibility. The common sense of men will assert its sway, and the true measure of journals like *La Conscience Publique* will be taken. That men like M. de Morny are now as rich as any men in Europe, and at the nominal head of affairs in the first country of the Continent, is a fact, but it is, we believe, a temporary fact. Already the particular phase of impudence which shows itself in a venal journal is beginning to be at a discount, and Paris will soon be like New York, where no one cares for the newspaper which every one reads. Nor will stockjobbing and scoundrelism flourish for ever. It will fade away, as it did in England a hundred years ago, before the light of free discussion, if ever the liberty of the press and of debate are restored in France. So too in England. Millennium panics will come to an end when the habit of free, honest, and dispassionate inquiry begins to take root in England. Impudence cannot hold its place if there is any one to cross-question it, and if those who hear the cross-questioning are sufficiently enlightened to understand what is going on. Of course, as long as the world lasts, impudence will last too. But we may hope to get rid of the grosser kinds of it, and to bring to their proper level those whose success by its means cannot be prevented, but who, in succeeding, throw here and there a little grain of good into the midst of the world.

#### ROYAL MARRIAGES.

THERE is an institution in London called the Marriage Law Defence Association. We are not aware whether the functions of this body are ecumenical, or whether they profess to redress the present wrongs to which the Marriage Law is subjected as well as to resist future encroachments on its limits. If so, a fine field has just been opened for its exertions. England and France—and that, too, in the reigning families of either kingdom—have cases before their respective law courts which, as it seems, are almost ludicrously similar. So curious and complete is the parallel between the claims of the descendants of M. Jerome Bonaparte and of the so-called Princess Olive of Cumberland to be admitted to the doubtful honours of Royal descent, that had these two cases occurred in history a couple of thousand years old, critical historians would have said that they were versions of the same fact. M. Jerome Bonaparte, at the age of eighteen or twenty-two—and the fact of his having or not having attained his majority in the year 1803 is the pivot upon which the French case turns—married a pretty American girl, named Paterson, and subsequently becoming a great man and a King of a certain sort, repudiated the wife of his love and youth, and contracted a second marriage with a Princess of Wurtemberg. Of both marriages there was issue, and upon the recent death of the royal and imperial bigamist the descendants of the first marriage claim to inherit; and the French courts will have to decide whether the issue of the first or second marriage is legitimate. The English case is this:—Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, younger brother of George III., and one of the nine children of Frederick Prince of Wales, is said to have married Olive, the daughter of a certain clergyman named Wilmot, in the year 1767. This Dr. Wilmot was himself an adventurer in marriage, and his wife, with whom he had contracted a private marriage, was a king's daughter, though a King of Poland. That there are unquestionably suspicious circumstances connected with Miss Wilmot's marriage is indisputable. The Duke and Olive Wilmot were, it is alleged, married by the bride's father, at the house of Lord Archer, in St James's-square, in the presence—of all people in the world—of George III. himself, the great Lord Chatham, and Lords Warwick and Archer. It is quite true that the date of this marriage is 1767, and the Royal Marriage Act was not passed till 1772, and it is within belief that George III. might have objections to clandestine unions of his own children, while he had none to assist as paranymp at his brother's private wedding. Of this marriage a daughter was the fruit—a lady notorious some forty years ago as the Princess Olive of Cumberland by birth, and Mrs. Olive Serres by marriage. Four years afterwards the Royal Cumberland contracted a second marriage with the widow of Lord Carhampton, and became in the eyes of his brother a bigamist. This marriage did not please George III., as some people say, because his Majesty disliked the lady, or, as the Serres family say, because the King was privy to his brother's previous marriage. Hence it is said the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, which required the King's assent to every marriage in the Royal family. The Princess Olive married a marine painter named Serres, from whom, by the way, she was sepa-

rated, and of this marriage one Lavinia Juvarella Horton appears as the eldest survivor. This lady married a Mr. Ryves, from whom, however, she has been divorced; and it is a curious feature that all these marriages seem to have been particularly unhappy. Mrs. Ryves now claims that her mother's legitimacy should be established; in other words, she comes into the Court of Probate and Divorce to procure a decree for the validity of the marriage between the Duke of Cumberland and Olive Wilmot. Here the parallel between the French and English cases ends. We have not heard that the ex-King of Westphalia left much money behind him. All that the Paterson-Bonapartes claim is to vindicate the fair fame of the first wife of Jerome; but Mrs. Ryves reminds the Courts that the Duke of Cumberland was also Duke of Lancaster, and if the facts are as she states them, her claim on the Royal property is a little more than a million of money. Without anticipating the legal points of the two cases, we may just remark, that in the French case the only point worth contesting is the age of Jerome at the first marriage; while in the Cumberland case, both document and alleged fact come before the Court with some improbability on their face. Not only has the very curious marriage of the Duke of Cumberland to be proved, but even if Mrs. Ryves is the daughter of the Duke of Cumberland's daughter, her claim upon the Royal estates is not concluded by what has taken place before Sir Cresswell Cresswell.

The social aspect of Royal marriages, however, may be looked at without any reference to these two curious cases. We have been informed on recent authority, that, as regards marriage, there ought to be, as perhaps in fact there is, one law for the Porphyrogeniti and one law for common folk; that kings and princes may take wives and get rid of them as reasons of State require, but that Jack and Jill must be tied together for life. There is nothing very new in the fact, but there is something very new in its justification upon principle. As to the fact, we all remember that Luther, in the case of the Elector of Saxony, allowed that bigamy or polygamy was, for reasons of State, permissible. Henry VIII. certainly was not slow to avail himself of the Royal privilege to dispense with the laws of Christian matrimony. A license has been assumed by princes which is not accorded to the general. Protestantism, in the cases just mentioned, was only not behind the easy dispensations of the Court of Rome, which was ready to dispense not only with the laws of the Church but the laws of nature—for a consideration; and Morganatic marriages have been invented to justify a distinction which, were it permitted to the mass of mankind, would certainly destroy the bonds of society. Among our own Sovereigns it will be remembered that marriages exactly similar to those of the Duke of Cumberland and Jerome Bonaparte have been matters of suspicion or fact in almost a regular succession. It was given out and believed by the partisans of Monmouth that Charles II. had married Lucy Waters. George III. was often charged with being the husband of the Fair Quakeress. The Duke of Clarence was thought to have lawfully loved Mrs. Jordan; and it is an incontestable fact that Mrs. Fitzherbert was the wife of George IV. Had there been any issue by the last-named union, we should have been assured that such child was the legitimate offspring of Mr. George Guelph—if Guelph were the family name of the House of Hanover—and the Princess Charlotte the equally legitimate daughter of George Prince of Wales. This is the doctrine, at once a distinction and a solvent, which has been applied to the family of M. Jerome Bonaparte. "M. Jerome Bonaparte is the lawful son of Lieutenant Bonaparte, and Prince Napoleon is the lawful son of the King of Westphalia." This decision—happily as yet it is not the decision of the courts—opens out some curious results. At what point of temporal success does repudiation of one's wife come in? May a curate, when he becomes a bishop, have two lawful wives and two lawful families—the one begotten in Bethnal-green lodgings, the other the children of the palace? Is it seriously meant that a judge may take the daughter of a Scotch earl in his successful senescence, though the wife of his youth, won and wed in his briefless days, still survives? If a considerable rise in the world, such as that from a lieutenant in the navy to the throne of Westphalia, justifies bigamy, how low in the social scale may this privilege be extended; or again, how high is it to reach? A squire promoted to a baronetcy may, we suppose, keep a mistress; when promoted to the Upper House he may establish two wives. And then in an arithmetical ratio, if the King of Westphalia might have two living wives, an Emperor might indulge in a harem. At any rate, this view accounts for that profusion in matrimonial engagements which characterized Solomon in all his glory. We must say that this rationale of the Marriage Law, as applied to sovereign Princes, strikes us as somewhat akin to barbarism. It is carried out with entire consistency among the potentates of Africa; and the King of Dahomey is, like Napoleon and his brothers, to be "justified from dynastic exigencies." These exigencies are now formally pleaded; we are invited "to construe the laws of matrimony with latitude when crowns and kingdoms are at stake." If crowns and kingdoms, why not estates—why not social position? The simplest expression of the new theory of the obligation of marriage would be in all cases to allow a marriage of affection and a *mariage de convenance*. If we were all permitted our Rebekah and our Leah, it would avoid the present anomaly and conflict between the Royal Marriage Law and that law which alone holds Christian society together.

## SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

IN an excellent work which we lately reviewed, on *Charity as an Employment for Women*, there is a chapter on the sort of education which women who intend to pass their lives in such occupations require, and on the means by which they might best obtain it. Amongst other things, two hours a day are to be devoted to really hard study, and *Butler's Analogy* is suggested as an appropriate book for the purpose. It is, to use an expressive piece of university slang, to be "got up," as the brothers of the students "get up" the classics at the universities; and it is laid down that several years may be profitably employed in performing this operation and several others of a similar character. Such a proposal may serve as an unusually favourable specimen of schemes which are continually being submitted to men and women for their self-improvement. They probably reach their culminating point in such books as the *Students' Guides* which are frequently presented to youths who are about to complete their education, and which almost invariably contain a plan by which the reader's day is judiciously divided between work, exercise, and amusement. He is to be in bed by eleven, and be up by half-past five; he is to work for six hours and to walk for three; he may indulge in harmless recreation for so many hours after dinner, and he is to read devotional books for so many hours a week. Whether or not he adopts the particular plan suggested, the student is always exhorted in the most earnest terms to have a plan of some sort. Distribute your day, he is told, upon some scheme, and stick to it immovably. There is a story in almost all such books about Paley's early life, which is always told as evidence of the virtues of such a scheme. Paley was very dissipated when he first went to college. One morning, one of his dissolute companions came to his bedroom and said, "Paley, what a fool you are to neglect your chances in life! It does not matter what becomes of me, but you might be anything you please." Struck with the justice of the remark, the future champion of Christianity lay in bed for the greater part of the day revolving the particulars of a plan for the distribution of his time. Having settled it to his mind, he adhered to it with immovable resolution during the whole of his college course, and not only wrote the *Evidences of Christianity*, but took the degree of Senior Wrangler.

There is another story about Paley which is not usually told, probably because it is considered less edifying, which throws light on the real value of such plans. No author was ever so disorderly. His books were written at odds and ends of time, and the original manuscripts of them generally consisted of pocket note-books, in which fragments of arguments about Christianity and the Apostle Paul were jumbled up, without method or arrangement, with recipes for the diseases of horses, scraps of accounts, and memoranda upon all sorts of trifling personal matters. Very possibly both of the stories are true, and if so, when taken together, they illustrate fairly the real value of the sort of plans under consideration. A plan for the employment of time is substantially a law which a man imposes on himself; and, like all other laws, its essence lies in restraint. Its real value is for what it forbids, and not for what it enjoins. This principle is the key to all such plans, and explains nearly all the questions connected with them. If a man who, like Paley, has great mental powers and much mental energy, obscured by temptations to idleness and debauchery, has sufficient vigour of will to be able to impose commands on himself, he may no doubt secure fair play to his powers by laying down a law that nothing shall induce him to go out before a certain time in the afternoon, or to sit up after a certain hour at night, or to lie in bed after a particular time in the morning. But the advantage of this is dependent on the two conditions, that he is subject to temptations which can be avoided in no other manner, and that he has powers which will be exerted if those temptations are averted. If either of these conditions is wanting, the scheme becomes useless and injurious as a needless burden. Paley's intellect was throughout the whole of his life sufficiently energetic, but the temptations to which he was exposed probably wore off early in life; and thus, though a plan for the arrangement of his time contributed greatly to his academical success, the far more important and difficult achievement of writing the books which have made his name famous was performed not only without a plan, but in apparent defiance of all ordinary rule. It is not probable that he would have written them better if he had had a plan. When he was no longer likely to go to noisy parties or to disreputable amusements, and when the subjects on which he wrote had become the habitual tenants of his mind, precise rules as to sitting down to meditate and write about them for so many hours a day would have been simply mischievous. They would have impeded and not insured the progress of the work, by abridging the liberty of the author.

It appears to follow, from this illustration, that in all ordinary cases schemes for the arrangement of time are useless. The advice to adopt them is generally offered to the tamest and most commonplace of mankind—to the sort of lad, for example, who would read *Todd's Student's Guide*. Commonplace people, with no particular temptations to go wrong, and no powers capable of any considerable exertion, form the rank-and-file of the human race, and are numerically the most important part of it; and it would be both presumptuous and absurd in any one to speak of them with contempt; but it is absurd to suppose that, by re-

arranging their time, they will change their nature, or even improve the employment of their talents. To every one who is not placed in peculiar circumstances, the ordinary divisions of time produced by getting up, going to bed, and eating three meals a-day, are amply sufficient for all practical purposes. The day divides itself, and their pursuits distribute themselves imperceptibly, but in a most effectual manner. The reason why an ordinary young woman does not study *Butler's Analogy* is simply that she does not care for it, not that she does not set apart two hours after breakfast for the purpose. If, under an impulse of self-improvement, she did so set apart the two hours, instead of reading when she happened to have nothing else to do, it would do her no perceptible good. If she cared for the subject, she would find time to read the book. If she did not care for it, no appropriation of time would make her do so. Dams and sluices are excellent things if there is a river for them to regulate, but they are merely absurd where there is no water.

The cases of remarkable men are sometimes appealed to to show the value of such schemes. See, it is said, what a vast mass of business can be got through by a statesman, a general, a great lawyer, a man of business, who rigidly appropriates every hour of the day to its proper employment; but this is a confusion of cause and effect. The appropriation, where it exists—and it is generally exaggerated beyond all measure—is produced by the business. A very active, energetic man, who has a great deal to do, and great powers of doing it, is compelled to economise his time. He does not get a great deal to do because he has economised it. In many cases his engagements are beyond his control, and he must meet them as well as he can; and his success in doing so will depend, not upon any ingenuity in distributing the hours of the day, but on the general energy of his character and elasticity of his mind. Suppose, for example, the case of a barrister in large business. He has, perhaps, several causes coming on in different courts about the same time. He has to attend a consultation, to write an opinion, to read a number of briefs, and to write an elaborate letter on private business. How is all this to be done? Not by any scheme written out on paper and posted up over the mantelpiece, but by the simple process of taking advantage of opportunities. For example, the briefs may be read whilst their holder is waiting in court for his case to come on; the hour of the consultation is probably fixed, and there is sure to be some time between it and the end of one of the causes. In that interval the opinion may be written. As to the private letter, if it requires sustained and quiet thought, it may be desirable to get up an hour earlier for the purpose of writing it. This is the sort of way in which business is really despatched, nor would any man of business be so absurd as to hamper himself with any but the most elastic rules for the distribution of his time. With active and simple habits, and plenty of work which must be done, plans for subdividing time are simply useless.

It is otherwise, indeed, where the labour of many persons has to be directed to a single object. In a school, an office, a regiment, or a ship, a detailed application of time is essential, but this rests on an entirely different principle; and in private life elaborate plans of arranging time are as much out of place as the word of command would be in a private family. It is as absurd to be inexorable about breakfast being on the table at a particular moment as it would be to parade the family in the hall, and bring them into the dining-room by the words "Right wheel," or "Left counter-march"—except, indeed, where a family is large, and the arrangements of many people depend upon such punctuality.

Plans of study are open to the same observations as plans for the distribution of time. The only studies which really affect the character are those which interest the mind, and are undertaken for a real object. If a man wants to understand a particular subject, if he wishes to get a high university degree, if he wants to print a book, he will require no other plan of study than that which will insensibly form itself in his mind. Suppose, for example, he is writing on the history of England, he will probably begin by reading text books upon the subject in hand. They will refer him to original authorities—collections of papers, letters, &c.—and he will go from one to the other as his own convenience and the circumstances of the case require. If he is reading for a degree, the same principle will apply. He will feel weak in a particular branch of his subject, and some one will tell him that he ought to get up such a note or appendix in Arnold's *Thucydides*, or to work some particular series of problems which are to be found in some particular mathematical book. This will lead to something else, and gradually he will see his way through the matter in hand. All study which deserves the name is conducted in this way. To sit down and get up, or try to get up, a particular hard book, just for the sake of improving the mind, is like living on beefsteaks for six weeks together in order to strengthen the body. It is one mode of taking thought to add a cubit to the mental stature—an undertaking which never succeeds.

It may be objected that this is all true enough for busy and active men whose employments supply them with a vigorous stimulus to exertion, but that it does not meet the case of those who have not that advantage. The passage referred to at the commencement of this article was advice to unmarried women, and not to men. The answer to this is that a mere vague desire to improve the mind will lead to nothing more than the performance of useless feats. The only people who get real good



from mathematical studies are those who like them and pursue them carefully, either for some practical purpose or from a taste for the subject. A lad who works his way through *Euclid* at school, and never cares for or follows up the subject, learns simply nothing at all. Butler's *Analogy* in the same way is useful to those who are interested in theological inquiry, but an average young woman who had painfully studied Butler for two years without any particular interest in the subject would probably be distinguished from one who had not, only by having undergone a dreary penance. She would not know anything that she would care for, nor would she think with greater accuracy or vigour. No mental drill gives, or has any tendency to give, these habits of mind, unless the person drilled takes an independent interest or has a definite practical object in it. If a woman who proposes to pass her life in charitable pursuits wants to train herself for them, she will find that the pursuits themselves will constitute, or rather suggest, the only really efficient training, and this training may be most efficient. For example, she may want help for a school—let her find out the terms on which the Committee of Council will give it. She will fall in with poor people who are in terror of mind about being passed to their settlement—let her inquire into the provisions of the Poor-law and the legislation as to settlements. She will have to do with diseases—let her learn as much of that subject as she requires. In this way she will discipline and educate her mind far more effectually than by labouring at a book which she never would have read for any other purpose.

There are of course women who take an independent interest in serious study. These observations do not apply to them. Let them study the books they care for just as men do, but it is a mistake to suppose that schemes of reading and arrangements of time will ever raise people of this class above their natural level. They are very small things, and are of use to those only who would do nearly as well without them.

#### LES MASSACRES DE SYRIE.

THIS play—the joint composition of M. Victor Séjour and the Emperor's private secretary, M. Moequard—furnishes one more example of the vigilance with which Napoleon III. watches every opportunity to influence the minds of the French masses. The Imperial circle of followers is a vast editorial staff. There is M. de La Guéronnière and the school of the prophets, whose business it is to represent the different shades of inspired accuracy. There is the newspaper press, which devotes itself to panegyric. There is the historiographer, who makes melo-drama into history. There is the play-writer, who makes history into melo-drama. The Emperor himself arranges the transaction which is to be the subject of so much composition—the official pamphleteers predict it—the official newspapers applaud it—some future M. Thiers takes notes of it—lastly, M. Moequard and M. Séjour put it into the form of an historical tragedy. It is thus served up to France. French public opinion is, after all, the opinion of the noisiest number, and it is to the "gallery" that those who wish to govern France must ultimately appeal. There is, then, nothing unnatural or extraordinary in the fact that the Syrian massacres have been popularized into a play for the spectacle-loving people of Paris, nor that a mimic Abd-el-Kader nightly walks the stage in the Théâtre Impérial du Cirque, in order to proclaim to the crowd who flock thither that the hand which rules them is divine.

It is rather a curious thing that, with all its staff of literary adherents, the Imperialist cause shows itself so incapable of producing works of real literary merit. We are tempted to believe that when Imperialism comes in at the door, ability goes out at the window. Viewed as a work of art, M. Séjour's play is beneath criticism. It is worse even than *Les Tircuses des Cartes*, a similarly inspired drama, of which the little Mortara was the subject, about this time last winter. It contains no plot, unless the reappearance of the same characters act after act constitutes one. The dialogue—that is to say, the monologues of Abd-el-Kader—are simply interesting to those who remember that they have been composed in a room adjoining the cabinet of the Emperor. And, considering that the piece is designedly written to excite interest and to extort applause, and is played nightly to a crowded and curious house, it is strange that it should be received, except at a few vigorous passages, with indifference, and sometimes with ill-disguised impatience. As it is not yet printed, and is not likely to be printed just at present, a rough sketch of some of its chief features may be of some interest.

At an early period we are introduced to an assembly of the notables of the Lebanon, who are collected on the mountains to proclaim a sacred crusade against the Christians. The consent of the Commissioner of the Turkish Government has been obtained—the last hour of the Christians throughout Syria has sounded—and horsemen gallop, amid cheers, across the stage, shouting *Mort aux Chrétiens*. The first blow is struck by their bitterest enemy, Ben Yacoub, whose followers attack a Christian household. Georges de Moréac, the Christian hero of the play, is flung over a precipice, down which he disappears. Infidel horsemen bearing off Christian women again gallop by, and all is going wrong, when suddenly Aïssa, the lovely daughter of Abd-el-Kader, appears on the back of a camel, with her train, in time to rescue Georges from the precipice. He is pulled up by a rope,

and pours out in an appropriate manner his gratitude to his beautiful deliverer. The act closes with a procession of camels forming the suite of Aïssa—a spectacle which very properly raises the enthusiasm of the audience to fever point.

The curtain rises again to disclose the French Consulate at Beyrout. Georges arrives to prefer his complaint against his assailants, relates how Christians are being tortured in the Lebanon, and implores the assistance of France. Daoub Kaïbar, the Turkish Commissioner, who is present, has been the secret instigator of every outrage; but he trembles at the thought of French indignation. "De grace, Monsieur," he says to the French Consul, "n'irritez pas contre moi votre redoutable souverain." The character of this Turkish Commissioner is one of the most curious things in the whole play. He is portrayed as the real author of the massacres, anxious only that appearances should be preserved, and that his Government should not be compromised. He is old, feeble, palsied, vindictive, and treacherous—a dramatic embodiment of the political notion of the "sick man." The urgent representations of the French Consul compel him, however, to dissimulate. He takes a solemn oath to do justice between the Christians and their foes, and the scene ends. "C'est la France," cries the Consul, as the curtain drops, "c'est la France qui reçoit votre serment."

The next picture is the market-place at Beyrout. Daoub Kaïbar, the evil genius of the tale, again is seen in the foreground, moving about among the crowd, exciting them by his whispers, and watching eagerly the effect of his subtle insinuations. The sale of the Christian women who have been carried off takes place publicly in the market. They appeal for protection to the Turkish Commissioner, whom they recognise, but who feigns not to recognise them in return. True to his character, he turns away, and is seen still moving like a serpent through the throng. At last, when matters are ripe for action, he taunts the populace with allowing to wave over the Consulate in their town the flag of France—"Ce drapeau qui vient nous braver jusqu'à chez nous." Inflamed with fury, the crowd rush off and seize the tricolour, which is just about to be trampled under foot, when Abd-el-Kader suddenly appears and snatches it from their grasp. "J'ai vu combattre les Français," he cries, waving it above him, "j'ai vu comme ils triomphaient. Le Franc est un noble peuple, puisqu'il trouve des défenseurs parmi ses anciens ennemis." The curtain falls, but not till the audience is relieved from anxiety, and assured that in his hands their flag may be considered safe.

The following scenes are devoted to the Christian female captives—who with proper heroism refuse to renounce Christianity—as well as to the imprisonment of Georges, who has been arrested, at the instigation of Daoub Kaïbar, upon a trumped-up charge of murder. The Divan finally is convened, and is actually sitting, when Abd-el-Kader arrives to represent the danger of the Christian quarter of the town, and to offer to defend it with a regiment of his Algerians. He is roundly abused for being the champion of civilization and toleration; and the council passes to the condemnation of Georges, who is led in to hear sentence, and who, as a hero should, defies his destiny. Outside are heard the cries of the mob, impatient for his execution. Then, and not till then, Abd-el-Kader, who for some time sits by in silence, interferes, and denounces the Turkish Commissioner for being ready to sacrifice innocent blood. Turkey commits injustice, he tells him, not from cruelty, but to ensure the triumph of her monstrous policy—a policy of darkness and of blood—and to deprive the nations of the West of their legitimate prestige. "Who has saved you before now, and who will some day have to save you again?" cries Abd-el-Kader to the cowering Daoub Kaïbar. "It is France. The bones in the trenches of Sebastopol are not yet white with age, and already you insult your saviours. Déjà vous insultez, je ne dirais pas les défenseurs d'hier, mais les sauveurs de demain. Beware of him who has this year revived Italy from death! Il viendra. Il vient, peut-être."

In the next act we discover Georges safely housed in the quarters of Abd-el-Kader, who takes occasion once more to dilate upon the merits of Napoleon III. "Sans sa main généreuse et bénie, je serais encore dans les fers." His household are gathered round the African hero. His daughter is there, weeping—that daughter who is ultimately destined to become a Christian sister of mercy. Suddenly the Muezzin's voice is heard summoning all to prayers. Abd-el-Kader retires, sadly, and with a presentiment of the coming extinction of Islamism, which he unfolds in language resembling that of Julian the Apostate. "Je vois des Empires qui écroulent, et des civilisations qui sont mortes. La race d'islam s'en va, et ton nom, Mahomet, s'efface! Christ! Christ! Christ!" During his temporary absence for the purposes of devotion, a crowd of Christian fugitives arrive at the gates of the palace, demanding asylum and protection. The officers of Abd-el-Kader are afraid or unwilling to let them enter. Abd-el-Kader opportunely reappears, and orders the doors to be flung wide to receive them. "Souviens toi," he says to his reluctant deputy, "souviens toi de la France. Les Maronites sont les enfans de la France par la religion et par l'origine." Meanwhile, the fanatical townspeople have gathered outside, demanding the extradition of the fugitives. Ben Yacoub arrives as their spokesman, to argue the point with Abd-el-Kader. He reproaches him with desertion of the Prophet's cause. He threatens him with an attack from 3000 armed men under his

orders. Abd-el-Kader replies that he has 200 soldiers who have fought with the French, "those lions of the West," and who are quite a match for 3000 assassins. He warns Ben Yacoub that his violence is likely to injure, not to benefit, the Crescent, and to lend strength to the partisans of the Cross. He refuses the bribe of a joint throne which Ben Yacoub offers him, and scoffs at the idea of a great Mahometan Empire rising up to stay the progress of Christianity. Not even to rescue his daughter, who has been seized by the crowd, will he surrender the suppliant Christians; and his good faith which has been tested by this agonizing conflict between duty and interest, is recompensed by the unexpected and providential escape of that young lady.

During the interval between this act and the last, the curtain rises to disclose a second and interior curtain, on which is painted a curious *tableau*. On the one side are the hosts of Mahomet—on the other the people of Christ. Between the Christians and their murderers stands France, with drawn sword and flashing eye. Above her head wheels a screaming eagle, vomiting fire at the mosque of St. Sophia, which is seen on the distant hill. The last scene soon introduces us to the massacres themselves, in which the Turkish soldiers are active agents, and fire on the flying Maronites. The Turkish Commissioner is again seen in the midst of the crowds. Guns, pistols, and crackers are let off on all parts of the stage. The Druse horsemen again gallop across the streets of Beyrout. Universal confusion and panic succeeds; and at last Abd-el-Kader, like the *deus ex machina* of the poet, arrives to interpose between the victims and destruction, with his Algerians. Mounted on a white horse, he extends his hand, and points to where, in the background, the French troops are seen approaching. At their head rides their general and his mounted staff, all glittering with orders. The curtain falls as they draw near. The last words of Abd-el-Kader are addressed to the unhappy Christians. "Vive la France! La voilà qui parle!—Espérez!"

It is curious to see the Syrian question thus converted into a question of French dignity. The moral of *Les Massacres de Syrie* is, that where Christians are insulted, the honour of the French flag has been impeached. The nation of which it has been said that she has no frontiers but her soldiers, goes to the East, M. Mocquard teaches us, to avenge the outrages done to herself as the guardian of the civilization of the world. How far the Turkish Government approve of the semi-official and insulting burlesque upon themselves enacted night after night at Paris, under Imperial patronage, it is not necessary to inquire. How Abd-el-Kader approves of being brought upon the boards, with his daughter and his camels, is an equally delicate question; and we think that it is rather hard to put into his mouth the unorthodox sentiments attributed to him by the Christian author. An attentive spectator will not fail to notice the prominent position of Abd-el-Kader throughout the progress of the piece. The author must have had a meaning in this part of his creation, and the meaning is one which it is not difficult to divine, if we call to mind the political gossip of the last six months. But it is to be remarked that the drama is the work of a brain which is too political for the audience. The whole thing is overdone and strained. After all, the excellent shopkeepers of Paris do not care so very much about the Syrians, and possibly know less than M. Mocquard about the Lebanon. The allusions to Turkish policy are quite above the capacity of the average of those for whose benefit they are made. The delicate irony which converts the Turkish Commissioner into a feeble old miscreant is so far from being appreciated, that the parts of the play where he appears are met with unmistakable bursts of coughing. The audience evidently do not see that his senility has a political meaning, and are inclined very unfairly to visit the imbecilities of Turkey's representative upon the author of the play. Even the allusions to Napoleon III. are received in silence, and the allusions to the glory of France with merely the usual applause from the half-dozen professional enthusiasts on either side of the galleries and the two front rows of the pit. If it were not for Abd-el-Kader and the camels, *Les Massacres de Syrie* would be a dead failure. There is one camel in particular, who kneels down upon the stage. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this camel to the Imperial play. His agile evolutions are the only incident in it which is likely to be encoired; and if the success of the piece is of political importance, the camel must be regarded as a political personage who renders distinguished service to the State.

#### CHURCH-RATES.

WE say it under the influence of no ungenerous feelings towards the friends of the Church generally, and towards the clergy more particularly, when we remark that they are deficient in the essentials of a political mind. No doubt, in some quarters, this observation will be considered a compliment. There is something so attractive in the notion of a principle—consistency is a thing so grand and stable—justice done and heaven falling is so sublime a spectacle—that anything which savours of policy, compromise, and expediency is scouted as an immorality. The present state of the Church-rate question is a case in point. It would never have assumed its present dimensions had it been treated as an ordinary political question. The late Bishop of London, always timid when a stand was necessary, and precipitate where caution was required, might have settled the Church-

rate question by accepting Lord Althorp's proposition a quarter of a century ago. With the best intentions, he would not "give up the principle"—as if there were any principle really at stake after the passing of the Toleration Act, still more after the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act. It has been this stiff adherence to a principle which has given energy to the Liberation Society. "No Surrender" has produced the present case of desperation. The Church-rate cry has been all along a somewhat hollow one. Very many candidates at the hustings have only adopted it because it happened to be an easy way of expressing their adhesion to what was called religious liberty. It was never seriously intended on the one side, nor seriously proposed on the other, that the real efficiency of the Church of England should be imperilled. And now that it is found out that the Liberation Society at least were not playing with words, and that what they really mean by the abolition of Church-rates is the reduction of the national Church to a sect, the Church-rate grievance, as a grievance, has collapsed. People will still, perhaps, profess the old profession; but two things are meant by it. The one is the prostration of the National Church—the other is the abatement of a nuisance and a grievance which is intolerable. The present state of the Church-rate question is this, and nothing less. It is a social disgrace that there should be a law which cannot be carried into effect. Hustings pledges against Church-rates will be amply redeemed by abolishing the grievance. There is a standing ground for the friends of the Church and for the opponents of Church-rates. And this is what the dwindling of the majority for Sir John Trelawny's Bill means. It means a reaction so far as this—and so far only—that the feeling of the country is against the Liberation Society. It means no more; and if it is construed to mean more we shall have another reaction. Only, as the term means, it will be a reaction the other way.

If the present opportunity for settling the question is allowed to slip through, nothing can come of it, sooner or later, than Total Abolition without the least chance of a compromise. This is the political crisis which Churchmen cannot apprehend. They cannot catch the turning-point of a dispute. They think that a little more firmness, a little more stiffness, a little more consistency, and one more appeal to principle, and the battle will be won. Not only will the next session of Parliament see Sir John Trelawny's majority converted into a minority, but a new and stringent enactment will be carried triumphantly through both Houses, reversing the Baintree decision, giving the minority a power to enforce the taxing of the majority, and settling the collection of the Church-rate as an item of the Poor-rate. This is the substance of a Bill put forward under the auspices of some members of an active body called the Church Institution. It is supposed to be the Church policy generally—at least it is the policy of the country clergy. We can only characterize the expectation of such a measure ever becoming law as simple madness. The Star Chamber is at least as likely to be revived as the principle of a minority coercing a majority in the matter of self-taxation to become the law of England. To do justice to this proposition we must admit its claims to boldness and largeness. Anyhow, it embodies a principle. We can quite understand what the war-cry of "No Surrender" means in these warm-hearted partisans.

But the cry of "No Surrender" has recently been adopted in another quarter. Mr. Disraeli has proclaimed himself a defender of Church-rates. He is likely enough to know the value of a cry, for he was among the first to demonstrate its usefulness. A cry he has always been in search of, and it proves his penetration to appreciate one when ready for his use. But all that Mr. Disraeli adopts is the cry—he carefully avoids committing himself to the interpretation. Mr. Hoare's Bill embodies the cry; but to Mr. Hoare's Bill Mr. Disraeli has not given in his adhesion. Let Churchmen ponder over the significant fact that the new champion of Church-rates has no policy for dealing with the question as a statesman. We hear of Mr. Hoare's Bill, Mr. Hubbard's Bill, Mr. Packe's Bill, the recommendation of the Lords' Committee, but not of Mr. Disraeli's Bill. All that Mr. Disraeli proposes is to let things alone—to allow the present law and lack of law, the present vestry, with its present power of obstruction, the present Ecclesiastical Court, and the present Civil Court, the present rate, and the present objections to this rate, to go on; and this we are asked to accept as "No Surrender." The fact is, Mr. Disraeli knows that there is a large, a generous, and compact body of feeling very properly engaged in resistance to the revolutionary and unjust demands of the Liberation Society, and, being sadly in want of something large, generous, and compact, the bramble is willing to be king of the forest. The question is, whether the trees are prepared to submit to the dictatorship of Bramble. Whether Church-rates are lost or carried will matter little to Mr. Disraeli. What he wants is to make the great body of Englishmen who are opposed to the Liberation Society his debtors; and he will be sure to bring in his little account. If he has helped the Church, he will demand the Church's aid at the next general election. The question for churchmen is, whether they will open an account with Mr. Disraeli. He offers to discount a pressing accommodation bill; but he must look to his securities. Much to their credit as a body possessed of vast social influence and therefore of immense electioneering weight, the Church has for many years stood aloof from merely political considerations. Its natural sympathies



were very likely with Protection, against Lord John Russell's foreign policy, or against the Russian war. But in all these cases the English clergy remembered that his kingdom was not of this world. Once let them accept Mr. Disraeli's leadership in this or any other matter—once let the Church be identified with a great political party—and the moral influence of the Church is at an end.

The mere unconditional defeat of Sir John Trelawny's Bill next session would perhaps be the happiest event possible for, not the Church, but the Liberation Society. And this is all that Mr. Disraeli proposes. The Liberation Society can afford to wait—the Church cannot. It is quite possible that a better measure than Mr. Hubbard's Bill may be devised—it is possible, but we do not think it probable. Mr. Hubbard's measure proposes a remission of the impost to Dissenters; but it does not ticket them. It secures a boon, the value of which clergymen can best appreciate, in excluding those who do not contribute to the rate from any share in its appropriation. It recognises the conscientious claim, though it admirably narrows its selfish profession; while, as far as Church interests are concerned, it goes upon principles of moral justice when it declines to permit any interference in Church concerns on the part of those tender souls who decline to pay for a system and doctrines to which they entertain serious and moral and conscientious objections. It is a compromise; but anything which is not a compromise is not likely to be lasting. Every event in recent political history is a compromise; and whether Mr. Hubbard's Bill or any other measure is to be adopted, its merit is that it is a compromise. We at least as bystanders, even if we entertained no strong opinions on the subject, are in a position to know what policy is most likely to recommend itself to political minds. The policy of compromise is at the bottom of all successful legislation; and all true friends of the Church will be pleased to find, from the reported proceedings of the Church Institution, that that body has recently, in an important debate, declined to accept a condemnation, real, though not very distinct, offered to Mr. Hubbard's Bill. The chances of settling the matter with some approach to the claims of equity were never so good as at this moment; and if the Church declines to avail itself of the opportunity, it is not likely to recur. The sibil's price will be enhanced when the next offer is made.

#### PALL-MALL CORRESPONDENTS.

NEWSPAPERS which are intended either for country readers or for those classes of Londoners whose intellectual tastes and tone of mind are provincial rather than metropolitan, are in the habit of devoting a certain number of their columns to the correspondence of various gentlemen, who, differing in minor particulars, still bear a strong family likeness to one another, and all alike are supposed to date their letters from the very head-quarters of civilization and refinement. "Our Weekly Gossip," "Our Library Table," "Town Talk and Table Talk," "The Whispers of the Clubs," and a great many other suggestive titles, introduce the expectant reader to the literary banquet, and naturally serve to stimulate the attention which may have begun to weary with ordinary novelties or the commonplace round of political discussion. The style and matter are not unworthy of the title, and seldom disappoint the hopes which it has aroused. The very idlest, cheapest, and easiest sort of entertainment is provided in a shape which a little gratifies the vanity and raises the self-esteem of those who are fortunate enough to partake of it. Great things and great people are handled with a slipshod, half contemptuous, half good-natured familiarity, that suggests the agreeable idea of writer and reader alike occupying an intellectual eminence whence they can look down, like the gods of some epicurean paradise, upon the petty follies, ambitions, and crimes of some inferior race of beings. The ideal Pall-Mall Correspondent is a clever, dashing fellow, having the run of both Houses of Parliament and all the Clubs, with a general invitation to the best London drawing-rooms, and a back-stairs intimacy at Buckingham Palace. When the fatigues of metropolitan existence call for a change, he trips lightly down to Knowsley, takes a look at the pheasants at Broadlands, or even dashes across the Channel, joins the Imperial circle at the Tuileries, and brings back the most confidential and reliable information about the Empress Eugénie. During the session, his labours must be frightful. He hovers about the lobbies of the House—he hears all the great speeches in each debate—he catches the best good story of club smoking-rooms, the latest political rumour, the most fashionable scandal, the strictest secret—picks up, arranges, and discusses them, points them with an occasional witticism, seasons them appropriately with a few moral reflections of his own, and good-naturedly sends them off at once into the provinces to enlighten the rural intellects of the less favoured portions of the community. He is a good, little busy bee, gathering the honey of polite society all day long and all night too, and distilling it, with a touching disinterestedness, for the benefit of the world at large.

His first grand necessity is to dignify his office by showing how entirely at his ease he is in grand company, and for this purpose he assumes a condescending *nonchalance*, which passes with uneducated readers for the height of good breeding.

A severer judgment might compare it to the sort of swagger of a man who feels insecure of his position and is determined to look as if he did not. But the provincial taste is not so morbidly fastidious, and the effect is no doubt overpowering. It must almost make a Lincolnshire farmer's head ache to be suddenly translated from the calm atmosphere of four-foot drains and mangel-wurzel to the whirl and crash of metropolitan existence, to leave his heavy clays and fat bullocks for the company of emperors, diplomatists, and fine ladies. "To be sure, he be a vine vellah, that he be!" is the exclamation of delight which Mr. Thackeray puts into the mouths of a Bucolic Society upon first being enlivened by the presence of a clever gentleman from town; and we may be sure that the same sentiment involuntarily springs to the lips of many a reader as he follows, almost trembling, the daring flight of the London correspondent across the barriers which guard the privacy of important personages or grand institutions from the vulgar gaze. No mere material fetter can check the social intrepidity with which this heroic explorer pushes on his unselfish inquiries. Strong doors and inexorable footmen may turn the ordinary gossip away unsatisfied, but they are powerless against this most favoured of eavesdroppers. "Be thou familiar, and by all means vulgar," seems to be the golden rule of life which guides his course and prompts his flagging enthusiasm. No presence is awful enough to chill him into being respectful; he always makes himself entirely at home, and he wishes his readers to do the same. He can be jaunty about the sublimest topics, and disposes *en robe de chambre* of the affairs of the universe. Like the steam-hammer, he disposes of little things and great with equal facility. Here, for instance, are some of the reflections which some active literary gentleman has been at the trouble within the last few weeks of sending all the way into Yorkshire to enliven the pages of one of our northern contemporaries. The opening year is introduced with the valuable information that "the Queen at Windsor and the nobility at their country seats have been celebrating Christmas, and convivial festivity has been the order of the day. In two circles of *haut ton* the usual *agrémens* of the season have been interrupted by the stern hand of Death." Awed apparently by these melancholy occurrences, the correspondent seems to have sunk into a morbid state of religious gloom, and to have relieved himself on the last day of the year by attending Dr. Cumming's midnight service in Crown Court: Here he learned on the authority of Dr. Arnold, the Prophet Daniel, and the Earl of Carlisle, that we are on the verge of a terrific epoch, and that the Crimean war, coupled with the Great Exhibition, and the French fleet at Gaeta, points unmistakably to an approaching crash. Some of the congregation who came to pray seemed to have remained to quote *Punch* and be extremely irreverent, and the correspondent himself appears to have been unconvinced by the preacher's arguments. "I do not think," he says, "that we shall see the last day as soon as he anticipates," and he adjoins a little song, with "Be kind to us, New Year," for a refrain, which well expresses, we are informed, the sentiments which on either hypothesis are "suitable and congenial" for the early weeks of January. We confess that, were we on other grounds inclined to put faith in Dr. Cumming, we should be but slightly consoled by the opinion of a special correspondent as to the probable nearness of the end of the world, and that our uneasiness would scarcely be allayed by a mere polite request to the new year to be kind to us.

Crown-court is unfortunately near to Drury-lane; and so Dr. Cumming's departing congregation is exposed to all the snares of forthcoming theatrical attractions. The correspondent apparently took the hint, and ran a wild career of dissipation on Boxing-night. "I must confess," he tells us, with a pleasing frankness, "that I enter into all the *agrémens* of the pantomime, taking delight in contrasting the elegant and airy Harlequin and Columbine with the grotesque buffooneries of Pantaloon and Clown." Religion and pleasure thus disposed of, the correspondent's muse takes a wider flight and settles in the death-chamber of the King of Prussia. On the whole he is leniently dealt with. The Yorkshire shopkeepers are requested to let him off easily. "Had he been at the head of an university or a college, he would have been one of the first men of his generation. He was a great metaphysician, had a perfect poetic temperament, and frequently indulged in the brightest dreams." Next we are hurried to Paris, admitted to the state-box for the Emperor's state play, and indulged with several excellent theories as to the Empress's depression, and with a "sharp and decisive reply" which Prince Metternich gave at dinner to a suggestion of the Princess Clotilde about the sale of Venetia. We learn, too, that Count Cavour had to send the last Royal Speech three times to the Tuileries, to be corrected to the taste of his Imperial patron. Elsewhere the writer gives a glance at home politics, and discusses them with the same air of playful superiority. Lord John Russell is described as scowling "across the water at The O'Donoghue, without daring to stop his noisy nationality, lest his own despatch should be thrown at his head." Sir J. Ramsden, says another gentleman of the same profession, is "a whole-hog Radical, and goes in for the ballot." "I don't think," remarks a third, "that there is a prospect of the Government holding office a great deal longer." "On *dit* that there is a party in the Cabinet which," &c., and "people are anxious," and "the talk of the week in political circles" runs high, and so the Yorkshire intellect is brought face to face with the mysteries

of statesmanship. Sometimes, too, great ingenuity is displayed in the mode in which a piece of information is imparted, without any apparent effort. The interrogatory form is useful for this. "Has any one ever reminded our political economists that the phrases about buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest occur in Lord Chesterfield's letters?" the suggestion of course being that everybody knows it, and that only our political economists have been stupid enough to forget it. Indeed, those airs of superiority to public men which disfigure too much of the journalism of the day display themselves here in their most annoying form. "Lyndhurst," observes one writer, "was a Parliamentary success; Cairns has the same masterly clearness," &c., and he then proceeds to discuss the exact shade of Sir H. Cairns' hair, the shape of his coat, the weight of his watch-chain, the colour of his "pants and showy vest," and speaks very encouragingly of his professional prospects. Gossip of this sort, and criticisms in this spirit, seem to us not only disagreeable, but really pernicious. Nothing is so really vulgar as impertinence, and the purveyors of London gossip seem to reduce impertinence to a system. Can anybody feel himself more of a gentleman for knowing the tittle-tattle of great people's servants' halls, or discussing the relative abilities of "Lyndhurst and Cairns." Is a Yorkshire bumpkin less a Yorkshire bumpkin because he learns that the usual *agrémens* of Christmas have been interrupted by the stern hand of Death in two noblemen's families, or that Prince Metternich gave a rude reply to Princess Clotilde? One fatal objection to all news of this sort is, that most of it cannot be true, and that what is true cannot be tested, since the very nature of the case precludes all open evidence. The London society on whose behalf these gentlemen profess to speak does not, as a matter of fact, exist. London is too vast, too much divided into different worlds, people are too busy, tastes too diversified, and habits far too reserved, to make it possible for the caterer of news to give a provincial audience any impression of what is going on in it that shall bear the faintest approximation to the truth, or be anything but the valueless reflection of the valueless opinions that happen to be the fashion in some very obscure little clique. If, however, such intelligence is demanded, and country folks are to be amused with the sayings and doings of London grandees, the correspondent's task would be certainly less offensively discharged if monarchs were treated with something of the same decent respect which they receive in real life, and if the "pants and vests" of leading statesmen were suffered to remain in appropriate obscurity. It is the true spirit of flunkeydom which is at once saucy and inquisitive. If the valet persist in telling us all about the hero, let him at any rate remember, as valets should, that the hero is, after all, a good deal the bigger man of the two.

#### THE HOP AGITATORS.

OUR generation has witnessed very strange alterations in the position of public men. Almost all our leading political characters, and very many who are not leading, have changed their colours in the course of their careers, and support in their old age what they scoffed at in their youth. The subordinate of Perceval is the leader of the Liberals, and the colleague of Grey is the leader of the Conservatives. Major Beresford admires Garibaldi, and Mr. Cobden serves Louis Napoleon. But among the oddest of all these manifold changes is the appearance of East Kent as the centre of a Free-trade agitation, and of Sir Brook Brydges as the chairman of a Free-trade meeting. Mr. Gladstone is a teacher of wonderful success. Few but he could have contrived matters so as to make Protection odious to the sturdy Protectionists of East Kent. But he has such a pleasant way with him in financial arrangements that wherever he lays his hand he leaves a grievance. What was pleasant before becomes odious, and what was intolerable before becomes more intolerable still. He can so adjust Protection as to make it more terrifying than Free-trade; and he can so time Free-trade as to depress instead of raising both industry and revenue. At the Canterbury meeting, the Sussex repealers loudly congratulated him on his skill in driving their old antagonists of East Kent to take refuge under their banners. The men of East Kent confessed the soft impeachment, but still professed a stanch adherence to their ancient principles. They were still Protectionists, but Protectionists "with an exception." It was pleasant enough to be protected in the ordinary sense of the word, but no political consistency could stand the trial of being protected by Mr. Gladstone. It is very like the sort of protection which some of the New Zealand settlers complain that they have received from Governor Browne and Colonel Gold. The military were sent down to Taranaki to protect them, but not finding it convenient to attack the enemy for some time, contented themselves with forbidding the settlers, as a matter of etiquette, to fight when the military did not. The East Kent hop-planters seem to have experienced the same kind of rude disenchantment in discovering that the Protection to which they had clung so long now meant in effect the imposition of the heaviest burden on themselves and the lightest burden on the foreigner. Whatever their motives for joining the Free-traders, they constitute a very formidable accession to the force of malcontents which Mr. Beresford Hope and his fellow-agitators have collected to disturb the placid meditations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A demonstration, which is promised in

Worcestershire, will complete the combination, under Mr. Gladstone's auspices, of the so long divided hop-interest.

Since last we had occasion to notice this controversy it has attracted very considerable attention, and the expediency of removing so very anomalous a specimen of taxation has been very generally acknowledged. The only argument that is ever advanced in its favour is that it is in the same category as the Malt-duty; and that if the hop-grower were listened to, it would be impossible to set aside the maltster's claim. The simple answer to this argument is, that there is no sort of similarity between the Hop-duty and the Malt-duty. The only connecting link between them is that they both fall ultimately upon the drinker of beer. But the tax on malt is a tax on a manufactured article. If the market is unfavourable, the maltster has no need to malt more than he can sell at a good price. He may store his barley, or delay purchasing it till times are better; and so long as the barley is not malted it pays no tax. The hop-grower has no such discretion. It is his produce, not his manufacture, that is taxed. He cannot, like the maltster, accommodate his production to the turns of the market; for he cannot foresee, when he plants his hops, what the market will be like when he comes to sell them. The moment that he has planted his hops he has entered into an engagement with the exciseman from which there is no receding. His hops must be picked, and must be paid for by a certain day, whether the market be good or bad, and whether the planter be enriched or ruined by the transaction. If it were the barley instead of the malt that was taxed, there might be some analogy between the two taxes. But so long as the Excise burdens the raw produce in the one case, and the manufactured article in the other, it is idle to compare the two. But, of course, this argument from principle would not go for much in the face of a strong practical necessity. If the Hop-duty at all approached the Malt-duty in productiveness, the difference of its character would not avail much as an argument for its repeal. Nothing but dire necessity would induce a House of Commons to relax its grasp upon a tax which, like the Malt-duty, brings between five and six millions a year into the Treasury. Fortunately the Hop-duty is a case in which the just rights of the subject coincide with the interests of the Exchequer. No Finance Minister, except out of sheer obstinacy, can be really enthusiastic in favour of a tax so variable in its yield as to defy all prospective computation. Mr. Gladstone framed his Budget on the calculation that the Hop-duty would yield 300,000*l.* It will actually not yield 70,000*l.*; and even of that humble payment, a portion will be deferred till the next financial year. Adam Smith's canon is, that all taxes should be certain; but the Hop-duty is a model of uncertainty both to the payer and the receiver. To the hop-grower the burden of the tax varies from six to twenty per cent. on the value of his hops; to the Exchequer the yield of the tax varies from 60,000*l.* to half-a-million. Neither party can calculate, within even a tolerable approximation, the extent to which his resources will be affected by the tax. It would be impossible to invent a plan of taxation better fitted to ruin the tax-payer and to throw the national accounts into confusion. If the fiscal system of England bore in general any analogy to the Hop-duty, finance would be mere gambling. That its variations actually do so little harm, is due only to the fact of its forming so small an item in the revenue. In any ordinary case, Mr. Gladstone would be the first to appreciate these considerations. He would have seen the worthlessness of the tax long ago, if only hops were grown upon the banks of the Mersey. How eloquently he would denounce it, if only Mr. Bright were a hop-planter, or Mr. Gibson had pledged himself upon the question! But as it is, some inexplicable crochets or antipathy closes his ears to any argument in behalf of a rustic victim. How far this prejudice will carry him even beyond the bounds of a decorous hatred, the following incident, which came out at the Canterbury meeting, will show:—

Mr. Carter, in moving the thanks of the meeting to Sir Brook Brydges for his conduct in the chair, complained of the conduct of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, when the hop-growers lately petitioned for a postponement of the duties, consulted the hop-factors—that is to say, the persons most interested in forcing the growers to sell at a disadvantage—as to the best time to which the duty should be postponed. This statement excited great indignation on the part of the meeting.

With such a strong prepossession to contend against, the planters must make up their minds for a tough contest. They labour under the peculiar disadvantage that their interest, though important, is localized. If the numbers or the property which they represent were broken up into fragments and distributed over every county in England, they would form an interest to which no Minister would dare to be unjust. Twenty thousand men, comprised in one constituency, command but two votes in the House of Commons. Split up into bodies of five hundred and dispersed over England, in the present balanced state of parties, they would practically command forty votes. In a less degree this is the kind of injury which the hop-planting interest suffers from the accident of its geographical concentration. Perhaps they will find a still greater drawback in their inexperience of the modern forms of legislative war. The Manchester man, who is trained to the storming of Downing-street from his youth up, knows that many pamphlets must be written, many platforms trodden, many statistics collected and constantly recited, many M.P.'s pitilessly bored, before the prize of a financial remission can be carried away; and he knows that the labour which will do all these things bears a high price in the market. The earwigging



of senators is a task of great delicacy and labour, requiring enormous pertinacity, a perfect freedom from bashfulness, and withal no little tact. The stimulants applied must be measured with an exquisite nicety which only great experience can confer. If the M.P. be irritated too little, he will not go down and vote at all; if he be irritated too much, he will go down and vote the wrong way. The apparatus and the artists required for this species of delicate manipulation are an expensive but inevitable necessity for those who wish to make their outcries heard by the dull ears of ignorance, lassitude, and indifference. The first, second, and third qualifications of an agitator, are to spend. Both Lord Holmesdale and Mr. Hope gave to the hop-planters the shrewd advice to look on agitation as an investment, and not to stint their capital if they wished for a speedy return. The constitutional connexion between the redress of grievances and the grant of supply is based on a true symbolism; for, other things being equal, the redress of grievances is all a question of money. Money may not perhaps avail to make the worse the better cause; but the want of it has often made the better cause to be as much neglected as if it had been the worse.

#### NEW ZEALAND AND THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

ACCORDING to the census of 1858, about sixty thousand Europeans divide the possession of New Zealand with rather a smaller number of aborigines. Since the time when that return was made, the Europeans have increased, while the natives will probably have remained stationary. It is also to be observed that immigrants are usually in the flower of life, while a native race contains the ordinary proportion of childhood and old age. If, as appears likely, the adult male Europeans now exceed the number of the Maoris, it does seem rather monstrous that they should be asking for five thousand troops to defend their settlements against an enemy to whom, man for man, they ought with their superior weapons to be at least equal. Sir G. C. Lewis, acting for the Duke of Newcastle at the Colonial Office, answered this demand by laying down the principle that "England cannot undertake the defence against a nation of warlike savages of a number of scattered farms or villages, selected not with any view to such defence, but to the profitable pursuit of peaceful industry." We think that this principle is indisputable, and if the outlying settlements of New Zealand could not be secured by any other means, it would be well to abandon them without delay. Referring again to the census above-mentioned, it would appear that the European males of military age are now somewhere about 20,000, so that if the wishes of the colonists were fully gratified, there would be one soldier to take care of four civilians throughout the islands. Perhaps the position of such a community would be the most ignominious ever assumed by men of British race. It was not thus that colonies were founded in earlier ages upon which it is the habit of the nineteenth century to look back with the complacency of conscious progress. If it should turn out that Englishmen have lost the art of taking care of themselves, all the discoveries of the century would prove a very inadequate compensation. It is all very well to call for a policeman to protect property in Regent-street, but persons who expect to be able to do the same in Taranaki will find that the life of frontier colonists does not suit them. We must observe, too, that, in Regent-street, people pay the policeman who protects them, whereas the New Zealand Government's despatches "indicate no definite intention to contribute to the expense of the troops which it demands." On the contrary, those despatches are occupied in insisting "that England should freely recognise the onerous duties cast upon her by the colonization of New Zealand"—that is, that she should pay and maintain five thousand troops for its defence, while the able-bodied settlers confine themselves, except in case of immediate danger to their own lives and property, to the business of supplying the troops with rations at a comfortable profit. As an example of the daring policy of carrying the war into the hostile camp, this admonition of the New Zealanders to the mother country to remember its obligations stands almost unrivalled. Certainly, a colony which partakes so largely of

The fault of the Dutch,  
Of giving too little and asking too much,

is most appropriately called New Zealand.

But it must in candour be admitted that men of British race might still be found able and willing to defend their outlying farms against warlike savages, if only they might be allowed to imitate the rude un pitying energy by which aboriginal races have been improved off the face of nature in other times and countries. There are plenty of men within the British Isles who want neither the courage nor the hardness before which the Red Indians are receding as civilization—or what is called so—advances further westward in America. What has been done by the Texan rangers would be done under similar conditions by the New Zealand settlers. But in Texas the work was not begun under the auspices of bishops and archdeacons. In New England it is true that the ministers of religion played an important part in the foundation of the earliest colonies; but their influence did not prevent the prosecution of the most vigorous and unsparring warfare for the maintenance and extension of the Puritan dominion in the wilderness. The only difference was that the New Englanders exterminated the aborigines in the

name of Him who is not often mentioned by the Texans. But it has been declared that New Zealand should be colonized upon a better principle. At length, after many failures, it should be shown that justice and humanity could preserve the native side by side with the European race. The Maoris—perhaps the noblest type of savages—should not follow the many nations of barbarians who, in the name of civilization and Christianity, have been reduced to an obscure tradition. An American writer lately spoke with much complacency of the benefit of immortality bestowed upon the Red Indians for their virtues in the pages of Cooper's novels. He seemed to think that praise, which has been elsewhere held of less account than pudding, might go far to compensate for the loss of lands and national life. The British colonial policy in New Zealand has attempted to preserve the same savage virtues, not only in novels or missionary reports, but in the realm of fact. It was a noble and generous idea, of which the very conception proves that modern progress is not all illusory. We should be loth to pronounce that it has failed or must fail, but we strongly doubt whether it can succeed unless the mother country is prepared at frequent intervals to supply troops and money for the defence of colonists who are restrained from falling into the old simple course of shooting a savage whenever he appears likely to become troublesome. The New Zealand settlers have enjoyed opportunities of hearing the maxim inculcated, that if their brother of the dark skin smites them on one cheek they should turn to him the other. A community acting upon this principle would be a novel and gratifying spectacle, which the British people may perhaps be allowed to contemplate, if they do not object to pay for it. But if the New Zealanders are to be called upon to defend themselves, they may fairly claim to do it in their own way. The instinct of self-preservation, and the love of vengeance, must be allowed to produce their natural effects; and in that case the presence of bishops and clergy will not prevent the extermination of the Maoris.

The question raised between New Zealand and the mother country is of great but not of immediate interest. Even if Sir G. C. Lewis were still presiding at the Colonial Office, it would be felt there that the duty of maintaining the superiority of the British arms is at present more important than that of addressing weighty despatches to Colonial Governments. Whatever reinforcements are necessary to secure an early termination of the war will be ordered to the scene of action without waiting to decide who is to pay the cost of them. But, for the future, some middle course must if possible be found between throwing the entire burden of these wars upon the mother country, and surrendering the uncontrolled management of them to the colonists. We would not willingly see an experiment which appealed to such high motives and excited such fair hopes, abandoned. We could not without grief behold the Maori race consigned to the sepulchre of history. Are there no means of giving peace to the New Zealand homesteads save by making of the bush a solitude? We read lately of the departure of an expedition of further discovery in the centre of Australia. The party attended divine service at the church of a frontier town, and a sermon was addressed to them on an appropriate text. The preacher had no doubt that, "by the help of God, civilization would eventually be extended to the distant parts which they were about to visit." Preachers are apt to fall into the tone of thought which prevails around them. Scripture has been quoted lately in defence of negro slavery, just as at an earlier time it was, no doubt, made to justify the ruthless slaughter of the Red Indians. "God would bless the labours of their small band, if they acknowledged Him." The *South Australian Register*, which reports this sermon, adds, "all the members of the expedition are to be armed with revolvers, breech-loading rifles, and swords;" and in an earlier part of the same article it coolly speaks of arguments used in the Assembly to reconcile certain members to the "extermination" of the "uncivilized wretches" who are to give place to civilized man in the wilderness, now first trodden, of the interior. Civilization demands new victims, and a preacher bids it take them in the name of God. We cannot with a safe conscience leave colonists to accomplish the Divine will according to their own conception of it; but if we claim to control their policy, we must be prepared to spend both blood and money in their wars.

#### PUBLIC OPINION IN AMERICA.

IN this country, the ordinary mode of ascertaining the current of public opinion is by reading the daily newspapers. Tea or coffee is not more familiar at every breakfast-table than the broadsheet of some leading journal. The man who has conned over the telegrams, run through the leaders and the letters of "Our Own Correspondent" from abroad, besides glancing at the money market, thinks himself entitled to form an opinion not only upon the state of his own country, but upon that of most other countries in the habitable world. To most of us the *Times* is the *sine quâ non* of our daily reading. And it is a matter of amazement to foreigners with what infinite *naïveté* your genuine Englishman will appeal to that journal to prove both his facts and his conclusions. Many may say of it, as an excellent old doctor of divinity said of the *St. James's Chronicle* in its palmiest days, "It contains both my politics and my religion." Extravagant as this British practice may seem, it is not quite irrational, for upon the whole the London journals do represent with very

considerable correctness the prevailing opinion of the public. If the *Times* is inconsistent, it is so very frequently in order to make itself correspond to a view which it had either failed to anticipate or had misinterpreted. Powerful as that organ is, it follows almost as much as it is followed. At all events, there is a very close correspondence apparent between the views advocated and the views adopted by the leaders of public opinion throughout the country.

It might seem natural that this phenomenon should prevail in all countries where there is any public press whatever, and that, unless the sentiments advocated in the public journals agreed with those of their readers, their circulation must cease. But this is a mistake; and there is some danger lest, at the present time, the prevalence of such a mistake may lead to inaccurate results. There has now arisen in the United States a crisis which is of the deepest interest, but which it is utterly impossible to understand without an accurate knowledge of the state of public opinion. In a system of government like that of the United States, this knowledge is of more importance even than in this country. But we must beware of placing too much confidence on the statements or speculations of the American journals. Here, the state of society is much more fixed, and the elements of power are much more definite and stable than they are in the youthful and heterogeneous democracy across the Atlantic. There, the popular feeling of the moment acts much more immediately and powerfully upon the governing authorities. There, the difficulty is to prevent too sudden change and to curb the popular element; here the difficulty is to get the most obvious reform carried into effect, and to remove obstructions so as to allow the popular element more scope. There, consequently, the changes in public opinion are much more rapid, and less easy to follow and appreciate. Moreover, the territory of the Union is so extensive—ten times as large as Great Britain and France combined—the pursuits and character of the population so various, and the interests of each State or district so antagonistic, that it must in any case be extremely difficult to form an accurate opinion as to the probable course of so vast a confederacy.

It is true that in America newspapers are abundant and cheap, many of them neither uninteresting nor written without ability, and that no man passes a day of his life without purchasing, or at all events reading, three or four of them. In hotels every morning you will find a raw Irishman bring your boots, your hot water, and your newspaper all in a bundle. Go into any bar or any coffee-room, and every one is devouring his hot rolls and his newspaper. Get into a railway car, and you observe a constant stream of news-vendors passing and repassing up the "middle aisle." Even in the theatres and places of evening amusement you will generally find people buried in a newspaper. In short, everybody reads them; but the important fact is that few, if any, look upon them as their political guides. In this country it is no uncommon thing to hear people in conversation derive arguments and quote whole paragraphs from their favourite journal. In America it is the rarest thing to hear anything of the sort. We repeat it—in America public opinion is not guided by the newspapers as it is in this country. A *Times* in that country would be an impossibility. That some journals have considerable influence in their immediate neighbourhood is undoubted, just as provincial journals have in this country. But to suppose that, by reading the *New York Herald* or the *Boston* or *New Orleans* papers any man can form a sound judgment as to the general opinion of the American nation, is quite as preposterous as to suppose that, by reading the *Record* or the *Brighton Gazette*, any opinion can be formed of the true current of public opinion in this country. Even in the different localities where particular journals are published, their influence is much smaller than in this country. The names of the editors, proprietors, and contributors, are well known, and very often their characters, and the objects which they have in view. Stop any passer-by and he will probably tell you not only the staff of any journal, but the party by which it is subsidised, and the motives which have dictated the policy which it advocates.

How, then, is the public mind in the Union informed upon public questions? It is by discussions in private society, at public meetings, and at the hotels. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance attached by the Americans to the power of public speaking—of expressing the grounds of an opinion in clear and forcible language. The young American is taught it from his very infancy. And the consequence is, that the conversation of Americans is much more like the characters in a Greek play than that of ordinary Englishmen. Everybody makes a set speech—and the women are no exceptions. But to one who has not listened to them it is difficult to convey a just notion of the accuracy of the language used, and the power of argument generally displayed in the discussion. These people cannot understand the stammering hesitation and awkward blundering of many well-bred Englishmen. It seems to them an eccentric peculiarity—the evidence of a curious vanity. But this volubility is obviously of the utmost service in such a country as America. Every man you meet has a vote, and is worth influencing. Whether he be guided by pure or impure motives, he cannot help being influenced by what he hears and reads. Discussion is free, and no man is willing to confess himself without a reason for his opinion. Therefore an argument is readily got up, and everybody listens. The Americans live much in public—very many make the hotel their home, even the

home of their wives and families. The public rooms in those vast establishments, the entrance halls with their sofas and spittoons, and the bar, where "brandy-smashes," "Catawba cobblers," and "morning glories" are dispensed, furnish an admirable arena for discussion. There congregate not only many inhabitants of the town, who have their private residences, but persons from every State in the Union, and of every possible pursuit. The Americans are notorious travellers—indeed, the character of the country requires this. They return to the same hotel, and they are more or less known to those who frequent the same house. It is easy, therefore, to understand that the discussions which take place amongst such persons may give a much more accurate picture of the general feeling of the Americans than the telegrams or leading article of a local newspaper. A "sensation paragraph" is a thing perfectly understood; and the chief object of an American editor—like that of many other editors—being to sell his paper, he looks as much to the pungency as to the sober truth of the lucubrations it contains. In the journals and in the public meetings, the ostensible objects of the various parties are set forth and explained. In these, braggadocio androdomontade too often make up the principal part of the entertainment. But in what may be termed the public-private discussions to which allusion has been made, the real opinions of the people are expressed and enforced. And not unfrequently the listener may hear views and judgments put forward, which, although for the moment overwhelmed by a blustering minority, are destined before many days to prevail in practice. To take an illustration:—Judging from many of the most widely-circulated journals, it would seem as if the secession of the Southern States were now almost a certainty. For the moment, all chance of resistance seems extinguished. Nevertheless it is pretty certain that very many of the richest planters are opposed to this policy. In the South, where discussion is scarcely ever free, and where, especially at the present moment, the excitement is extreme, it might be difficult to obtain evidence of this. But in New York and in the Border States, any intelligent traveller would very quickly ascertain the truth of the matter. In the mean time, therefore, it behoves every man who desires to form a correct judgment of the probable course of American affairs to suspend his judgment, or at all events to receive with prudent caution the statements of the leading American journals.

#### DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN.

IT is a somewhat anomalous fact, and one which is much to be regretted, that we are in England almost entirely without any machinery for furnishing a systematic musical education for the largely increasing number of students. The extraordinary advance which has been made during the last few years in the public taste, and the increased estimation in which music is held in every class of society, has by degrees brought it to be recognised not merely as an amusement but as an important and almost indispensable branch of education. All this, however, has failed to produce any organized system for the instruction of such as wish to dedicate themselves to music as a profession. The Universities unfortunately set the example of neglect. There is indeed in each of them a professorial chair of music, but—*stat nominis umbram*—that is all. The honour of the professorship is a barren one, and it is not to be expected, under the circumstances, that the distinguished musicians who fill the chairs should be able to devote more than a very small portion of their time to duties which are scarcely recognised as such, and the discharge of which would actually involve a pecuniary loss. In the case of Cambridge, there is absolutely no stipend attached to the professorship, and no business necessarily demanding the presence of the Professor except the rare formality of a musical degree. This is more specially to be regretted at the present time, if we consider that the University is fortunate enough to possess as its Professor a man who, from his great genius and acknowledged position in the musical world, might, if circumstances had permitted, have exercised, in his official capacity, a very beneficial effect upon the interests of musical education. At Oxford, the faculty is presided over by a rarely gifted amateur, so that whatever he may do is scarcely any index of what a professional man in the same position could afford to undertake. Nor is the case very different in the country at large. With the exception of the Royal Academy, there exists no establishment of any importance corresponding to the valuable "Conservatoires" of the Continent; and it is notorious that, in consequence, our better class of students are driven abroad to seek that course of instruction for which no facilities are offered to them at home. Much has doubtless been done, in a desultory manner and by private enterprise, but the effect, from the nature of the case, has been rather in the way of spreading a taste for music among amateurs than of meeting the wants of the professional student. That the want is a real one, and that any contrivance for supplying it would be adequately supported, there are plenty of indications to show. The proposition, indeed, will scarcely be disputed by any one acquainted with the condition of musical knowledge in the country.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, although they almost ignore musical science within their own bodies, include it in their middle class examinations, both for the junior and senior candidates, and the Society of Arts, if we recollect rightly, does the same. The results, however, of this branch of the examina-



tions are, we believe, found to be very unsatisfactory. What we should like to see, and what we are certain would be gladly welcomed by all who look upon music as something more than a mere pastime, would be the establishment of "Conservatoires" in some form or other in most of our principal towns, where a musical education to any amount of completeness might be obtained, and pupils, however young, admitted. There is no gift which develops itself at so early an age as that of music, and it is, therefore, highly important that such establishments should afford means for the pupils' training in what are unquestionably, as regards musical education, the most valuable years of his life.

The fact which has led us to these remarks is, that the experiment has to a certain extent been tried, as a private speculation, and been found to succeed very well. It has unfortunately been mixed up with a considerable amount of clap-trap and sentimental puffery, but the idea is right in the main, and there are certain definite results to show. Of these results in the case we allude to the London public has just had an opportunity of judging. A musical entertainment, under the catchpenny title of "Dr. Mark and his Little Men," was given every night of last week, at St. James's Hall, for the first time in London, although it is already well known in the provinces. It is, in fact, a concert, in which the executants are boys, whose ages vary from five or six years to eighteen or twenty, and who have all received their instruction in a musical school or conservatory founded and carried on by Dr. Mark, who professes to teach on some improved system of his own.

We must allow this gentleman considerable merit for his idea, and, judging by the results he has produced, for no little energy and skill in carrying it out. Originally established at Bristol, he removed some two or three years ago to Manchester, unquestionably the greatest centre of music in the country next to the metropolis. According to Dr. Mark's own account, his experiment has succeeded to the full. The principal work of the establishment is the education, general and musical, of children who are, at any age not exceeding five years, apprenticed for a term of years to Dr. Mark, and by him provided, in addition to their instruction, with board and lodging—the parents of the pupil only paying an entrance fee to defray the expense of books and instruments. In return for this, their services are at the disposal of their master during the concert tours which he makes from time to time. The best proof of the success of the experiment is that Dr. Mark is enabled to go on with it, for he will not find many to believe, in spite of the disinterested tone of his report, that his "Great National Enterprise" would not speedily have collapsed if it had not proved a tolerably remunerative speculation. Of the performances of Dr. Mark's troupe of urchins it will be quite unnecessary to mention more than the most general features. Two solos on the violin, played not particularly well by boys not particularly young, a cornet solo excellently performed also by a somewhat "old boy," and another given with remarkably good tone on the "sax bass," may be passed over without more special comment. The singing, or rather chirping, of two small boys is also nothing more than any child with a tolerable ear might be taught to do in a very few lessons. It is, however, the orchestral portion of the concert which is novel, and which proves that there is something more than mere profession in Dr. Mark's enterprise. To hear a party of some thirty boys, most of whom are not more than fourteen years old—many much younger—execute the overture to *Zampa*, well in tune, and with a considerable amount of spirit, is, to say the least, interesting, and shows that attention has been paid to what is (at all events at first) much more important than mere facility—musicianlike accuracy of time and tune. Dr. Mark, we believe, lays no claim to deal in infant phenomena, but merely to show what may be done with children of average musical abilities; and it is for this reason that we have thought his entertainment worthy of these few remarks.

## REVIEWS.

HAYWARD'S MRS. PIOZZI (THRALE).\*

JOHNSON'S great friend, Bennet Langton, whose presence at a man's house, while Johnson lived, at once conferred a literary character, came to town a few years after the setting of the great luminary from whom his light had been borrowed, and found no house where he was asked to dinner. Wilberforce dismissed him with "Adieu, Sir, I hope we shall meet in heaven." In this instance the public taste was capricious; but it has, generally speaking, stuck steadily to Johnson, and still receives with avidity anything connected with him. The great dictatorship of literature and conversation retains for cultivated Englishmen almost the same fascination as the military empire of Napoleon for a Frenchman. And why should it not? It was a dominion won by intellectual might, and wielded over mighty men.

Johnson's long intimacy and sojourn with the Thrales at Streatham was probably the happiest part of a life as unhappy as the exercise of vast powers and the enjoyment of an immense reputation would permit. There were many and wide differences, but

\* *Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale)*. Edited, with Notes and an Introductory Account of her Life and Writings, by A. Hayward, Esq., Q.C. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1861.

there was also some similarity in more than one point between Johnson and Rousseau. It was Mrs. Thrale's self-imposed duty for many years to soothe the morbid irritability and melancholy by which genius was beset, and chase away the shadows which gathered round its setting and would have involved it in a premature night. Posterity owes her a great debt of gratitude if to her kind ministry is due the accomplishment of the *Lives of the Poets*. She it was who made Streatham what it was to Johnson—not her husband, who was evidently an inferior man. Her task was not a light one. Johnson's manners were in some respects insufferable. His mode of feeding, contracted in the days when he signed himself "Impransus," was like that of a wild beast, ravenous and without shame. His habits at table were positively filthy. Uncouthness was a feeble epithet for his manner, as negligence was for his dress. He would keep no family hours, could hardly be got to bed, which he detested, and never would allow to be called "rest;" came down at twelve o'clock in the day, and required Mrs. Thrale to make breakfast for him, till it was nearly time (in those days) to dress for dinner. His temper in conversation was as uncertain as the wind, and there was no knowing that he would not say the rudest of all possible things to the most favoured guest of the house. He said to Mrs. Thrale herself of Piozzi, her rising inclination for whom he must have at least suspected, "Why, ma'am, he is not only a stupid, ugly dog, but he is an old dog too." All this Mrs. Thrale bore for the sake of genius. And if the vanity to which she frankly alludes as a main element in her own character helped her through, all that can be said is, mortal motives will be found in mortal actions. Mrs. Thrale might have spent her time in crawling and elbowing to the top of frivolous society, and making herself the leader of fashion in dress. Her vanity, if you will, led her rather to spend her time in associating her name for ever with that of a great man.

In her house Johnson showed himself, and through her autobiographical remains he shows himself, in a somewhat different aspect from that which he presented as Dictator of the "Club." He was very fond of the society of ladies, and flattered by their preference, which, with all his roughness, he had the skill to obtain. His immense reputation was of course his great key to their hearts. A word of attention or praise from him was like the smile of Jupiter after his frown. But he well knew how to speak that word. Nor, indeed, was he, with all his Socratic virtue, by any means a stranger to the passion in which attention to women has its original root. The introduction to these volumes contains some whimsical proofs of the fact.

All know how the intimacy of Johnson and Mrs. Thrale ended. But the correspondence between them relative to her second marriage has never yet been given in a complete form to the public till now. It forms one of the most interesting parts of Mr. Hayward's volumes, and clears up a good deal of difficulty and misapprehension. Only the circular marked No. 1 and the letter marked No. 5 have hitherto been made public. The words printed in italics in Johnson's letter No. 3, (which is the most important addition to our information,) are indistinctly written, and Mr. Hayward has not been able satisfactorily to make them out.

No. 1.  
Mrs. Piozzi to Dr. Johnson.

MY DEAR SIR,—The enclosed is a circular letter which I have sent to all the guardians, but our friendship demands something more; it requires that I should beg your pardon for concealing from you a connection which you must have heard of by many, but I suppose never believed. Indeed, my dear Sir, it was concealed only to save us both needless pain: I could not have borne to reject that counsel it would have killed me to take, and I only tell it to you now because all is irrevocably settled and out of your power to prevent. I will say, however, that the dread of your disapprobation has given me some anxious moments, and though perhaps I am become by many privations the most independent woman in the world, I feel as if acting without a parent's consent till you write kindly to

Your faithful servant.

No. 2. Circular.

SIR,—As one of the executors of Mr. Thrale's will and guardian to his daughters, I think it my duty to acquaint you that the three eldest left Bath last Friday for their own house at Brighthelmston in company with an amiable friend, Miss Nicholson, who has sometimes resided with us here, and in whose society they may, I think, find some advantages and certainly no disgrace. I waited on them to Salisbury, Wilton, &c., and offered to attend them to the seaside myself, but they preferred this lady's company to mine, having heard that Mr. Piozzi is coming back from Italy, and judging perhaps by our past friendship and continued correspondence that his return would be succeeded by our marriage.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant.  
Bath, June 30, 1784.

No. 3.

MADAM,—If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married: if it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I who have loved you, esteemed you, revered you, and served you, I who long thought you the first of womankind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was, Madam, most truly yours,  
July 2, 1784.

SAM. JOHNSON.

I will come down if you permit it.

No. 4.

July 4, 1784.

SIR,—I have this morning received from you so rough a letter in reply to one which was both tenderly and respectfully written, that I am forced to desire the conclusion of a correspondence which I can bear to continue no longer. The birth of my second husband is not meaner than that of my first; his sentiments are not meaner; his profession is not meaner, and his superiority in what he professes acknowledged by all mankind. It is want of fortune,

then, that is ignominious; the character of the man I have chosen has no other claim to such an epithet. The religion to which he has been always a zealous adherent will, I hope, teach him to forgive insults he has not deserved; mine will, I hope, enable me to bear them at once with dignity and patience. To hear that I have forfeited my fame is indeed the greatest insult I ever yet received. My fame is as unsullied as snow, or I should think it unworthy of him who must henceforth protect it.

I write by the coach the more speedily and effectually to prevent your coming hither. Perhaps by my fame (and I hope it is so) you mean only that celebrity which is a consideration of a much lower kind. I care for that only as it may give pleasure to my husband and his friends.

Farewell, dear Sir, and accept my best wishes. You have always commanded my esteem, and long enjoyed the fruits of a friendship never infringed by one harsh expression on my part during twenty years of familiar talk. Never did I oppose your will, or control your wish; nor can your unmerited severity itself lessen my regard; but till you have changed your opinion of Mr. Piozzi, let us converse no more. God bless you.

No. 5.

To Mrs. Piozzi.

London, July 8, 1784.

DEAR MADAM,—What you have done, however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me; I therefore breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere.

I wish that God may grant you every blessing, that you may be happy in this world for its short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am very ready to repay, for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched.

Do not think slightly of the advice which I now presume to offer. Prevail upon Mr. Piozzi to settle in England; you may live here with more dignity than in Italy, and with more security; your rank will be higher, and your fortune more under your own eye. I desire not to detail all my reasons, but every argument of prudence and interest is for England, and only some phantoms of imagination seduce you to Italy.

I am afraid, however, that my counsel is vain, yet I have eased my heart by giving it.

When Queen Mary took the resolution of sheltering herself in England, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, attempting to dissuade her, attended on her journey; and when they came to the irremediable stream that separated the two kingdoms, walked by her side into the water, in the middle of which he seized her bridle, and with earnestness proportioned to her danger and his own affection pressed her to return. The Queen went forward.—If the parallel reaches thus far, may it go no farther.—The tears stand in my eyes.

I am going into Derbyshire, and hope to be followed by your good wishes, for I am, with great affection,  
Your, &c.

Any letters that come for me hither will be sent me.

There can be no doubt which of the two writers has the best of it in the early part of this correspondence, and which requires to be forgiven. And Johnson may well be forgiven, considering what he was inevitably losing by this marriage, and that he had passed the threshold of a morbid and melancholy old age. Lord Macaulay, however, has, with his usual splendid recklessness, drawn an extravagantly exaggerated picture of the kind and degree of estrangement which ensued between Johnson and Madame Piozzi, and placed the fault, if fault there was, quite on the wrong side. Thus the brilliant historian writes:—

She did not conceal her joy when he (Johnson) left Streatham. She never pressed him to return; and if he came unbidden, she received him in a manner which convinced him that he was no longer a welcome guest. He took the very intelligible hints which she gave. He read, for the last time, a chapter of the Greek Testament in the library which had been formed by himself. In a solemn and tender prayer he commended the house and its inmates to the Divine protection, and with emotions which choked his voice and convulsed his powerful frame, left for ever that beloved home for the gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet-street, where the few and the evil days which still remained to him were to run out.

And thus Mr. Hayward replies to the brilliant historian:—

Streatham had been let to Lord Shelburne, and they quitted it together. She never pressed him to return, because she never returned during his lifetime; for the same reason, he could not have come again as her guest, bidden or unbidden; and instead of leaving Streatham for his gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet-street, he accompanied her, on the wonted footing of an inmate, first to Brighton, where we have seen him making himself particularly disagreeable to her friends, and then to Argyl-street.

The brilliant historian proceeds in the same strain, and Mr. Hayward proceeds to demolish his statements with the same completeness. It cannot but breed unsatisfactory reflections when we consider that a writer who, when examined in detail by a competent critic, is pulled to pieces in this manner, has by his genius made himself, in all probability, permanently master of a great domain of history.

It is satisfactory to know that Mrs. Thrale was happy in Piozzi, who made her a kind husband, and behaved to her in money matters, not like an adventurer who had caught a wealthy widow, but like a perfect man of honour. The worst of him was that he never could become an Englishman. Finding he had to pay toll at a turnpike-gate near his neighbour's house, he proposed to indemnify himself by setting up another near his own.

Mrs. Thrale was a merry, active little woman of much sense and many virtues. Her first husband, towards the end of his life at least, did not treat her well. His flirtation, before her eyes, with Sophia Streatfield, a beautiful coquette, who had even bishops in her train, is one of the most painful passages in these volumes, as Mrs. Thrale's cool description of it is certainly the most extraordinary. She felt it deeply, however; but she revenged herself by a noble devotion to her husband's interests. He valued her understanding lightly, and would not even allow her to manage her own establishment in the days of prosperity; but when the days of adversity came, and he was on the verge of bankruptcy, he found the worth of her sense and energy, and she greatly contributed to pull him through his difficulties. There was nothing she would not do for him. On one occasion, she writes:—

Careless of the "Blue Posts," has turned refractory, and applied to Hoare's people, who have sent him in their beer. I called on him to-day, however,

and by dint of an unwearied solicitation (for I kept him at the coach-side a full half-hour), I got his order for six butts more as the final trial.

She was her husband's best canvasser in his elections; and it was after he had insulted her by openly showing his preference for Sophia Streatfield in presence of his wife, and at their own table, that Mrs. Thrale concludes a letter about the Southwark election with—"If we find that he (her husband) earnestly wishes to be once more member for the Borough, he shall be member, if anything done or suffered by me will help to make him so."

No doubt Mrs. Thrale derived great intellectual advantage from living so much with Johnson and his compeers. But she must have had great talents, as well as high cultivation, of her own. A sufficient proof of this will be found in the verses on the Streatham portraits in the second volume of this collection. We will extract those on the portraits of Burke and Johnson, not because they are superior, as verses, to the rest, but because the originals are the greatest:—

See Burke's bright intelligence beams from his face,  
To his language gives splendour, his action gives grace;  
Let us list to the learning that tongue can display,  
Let it steal all reflection, all reason away;  
Lest home to his house we the patriot pursue,  
Where scenes of another sort rise to our view;  
Where Av'rice usurps sage Economy's look,  
And Humour cracks jokes out of Ribaldry's book:  
Till no longer in silence confession can lurk,  
That from chaos and cobwebs could spring even Burke.  
Thus, 'mong dirty companions conceal'd in the ground,  
And unnoticed by all, the proud metal was found,  
Which, exalted by place, and by polish refin'd,  
Could comfort, corrupt, and confound all mankind.

Gigantic in knowledge, in virtue, in strength,  
With Johnson our company closes at length:  
So the Greeks from the cavern of Polypheme past,  
When, wisest and greatest, Ulysses came last,  
To his comrades contemptuous, we see him look down  
On their wit and their worth with a general frown:  
While from Science' proud tree the rich fruit he receives,  
Who could shake the whole trunk while they turn'd a few leaves.  
Th' inflammable temper, the positive tongue,  
Too conscious of right for endurance of wrong,  
We suffer from Johnson, contented to find  
That some notice we gain from so noble a mind;  
And pardon our hurts, since so many have found  
The balm of instruction pour'd into the wound.  
'Tis thus for its virtues the chemists extol  
Pure rectified spirit, sublime alcohol.  
From noxious putrescence preservative pure,  
A cordial in health, and in sickness a cure:  
But oppos'd to the sun, taking fire at his rays,  
Burns bright to the bottom, and ends in a blaze.

A great quantity of new materials has been placed at Mr. Hayward's disposal for these volumes; and we need hardly say that he has done his part well. He has every possible qualification for such a work.

#### HOOK'S LIVES OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.\*

DR. HOOK'S translation from his busy Yorkshire Vicarage to the leisure of his Sussex Deanery has given him the opportunity of recurring with more constant attention to schemes entertained in past years, and to studies to which his parochial labours allowed him to devote only occasional hours. We see the effects of his whole course of life very plainly stamped upon his book. Dr. Hook, of all men, has not been a recluse student, ignorant of the practical affairs of mankind. For thirty-five years, as he tells us, he lived among the thickest and busiest masses of men, and we all know what remarkable and unusual success has crowned his labours among them. The effect is plain in his book. It is not the work of a perfect scholar, but it is the work of a man of unusually strong and practical sense. Had Dr. Hook spent his whole life in a cloister, his work would doubtless have gained something in perfect accuracy and scholarlike finish; but, on the other hand, it would probably have lost much more of that shrewd and living knowledge of men and things which is displayed throughout the volume. When we say that Dr. Hook is not a perfect scholar, we merely mean that he does not reach the very highest level. He is not a Kemble or a Guest; and a Vicar of Leeds hardly could be, without deserting more important duties. But he is still more widely removed from the crowd of historical pretenders and impostors. He has read carefully and thought accurately, and he has taken the very best means for correcting any minor deficiencies in himself. Dr. Hook tells us that the proof-sheets have been revised throughout by Mr. Stubbs, who, of all men living, is certainly the best fitted to ensure minute correctness in all matters belonging to early ecclesiastical history. How much exactly the book may owe to Mr. Stubbs, we, of course, cannot pretend to tell. We have no doubt that Mr. Stubbs' supervision has been a constant preservative against error; but it has clearly not been of a kind to interfere with the essential authorship of Dr. Hook. The merits and the defects of the work are thoroughly Dr. Hook's own. Mr. Stubbs might correct positive mistakes, but, of course, he could not give the book that perfect scholarlike character which would doubtless have belonged to a composition of his own. And on

\* *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Vol. I. Anglo-Saxon Period. London: Bentley, 1850.



the other hand, as we have said, the great and sterling merits of the work bear the full impress of Dr. Hook's personal character. The book is, in short, the production of a thoroughly sensible and thoughtful man who might have been a thorough scholar if only higher duties had given him time, and who has been preserved from important errors of detail by the man of all others most versed in the minute details of the subject.

For Dr. Hook's sterling practical good sense we were fully prepared, but another great merit of the book took the form of an agreeable surprise. We were not without fears that a work of this kind by Dr. Hook might be a partisan publication. He has been long known as a theological leader, and theological leaders are very seldom capable of that single-minded love of truth which is the first of all requisites in an historian. They are too apt to view both facts and characters through the coloured glass of some preconceived system. From Dr. Hook, who certainly has the reputation of a theologian of a somewhat rigid order, we confess to have had considerable apprehensions of something of this kind. We expected, if not positive anathemas, at all events a certain unsympathetic treatment of all people who went either nearer to or further from the Pope than the Dean of Chichester. We were happy to find absolutely nothing of the kind. Not only is there nothing of a depreciatory, a cavilling, or, worse than all, a sneering spirit—there is a most remarkable power of entering into the feelings and position of men of remote ages and of various schools of theology. Dr. Hook is throughout fair, and more than fair. He really understands his characters, and does not praise or condemn from any cut-and-dried nineteenth century standard. In a work chiefly biographical, this is the first, and one of the rarest, of all merits. And we know no strictly ecclesiastical writer—one, we mean, who writes with a theological as well as a historical purpose—who can lay claim to this pre-eminent merit in a higher degree than Dr. Hook.

The plan of Dr. Hook's work seems to be to give what shall practically amount to something like a history of the Church of England, connected and enlivened by somewhat of biographical interest in the persons of its successive Primates. From Dr. Hook's own point of view, we think that he has altogether succeeded very well in accomplishing his purpose. If the book were to be very critically judged, in the balance of books written by professed scholars for scholars, it would doubtless not be difficult to pronounce it wanting. But, as an attempt by a thoughtful and sensible man of considerable reading to put into a more attractive form a subject which common readers are apt to look upon as dull, Dr. Hook's work is thoroughly successful. The general reader will learn more from him than from any of the books to which he is already accustomed; and he may not unlikely be induced by his work to look deeper into matters than he might otherwise have done. While it is an unmitigated evil for history to be ever touched by mere ignorant pretenders—literary hacks either of the dull or the flippant order—we believe it to be highly desirable that it should be occasionally dealt with by thoughtful men who are not professed historians. Lord Bacon's *Life of Henry the Seventh* is far from a perfectly accurate narrative, but it is a most instructive composition all the same. So in a less degree with Dr. Hook. It would be easy to point out some positive errors and many more doubtful positions. But Dr. Hook's own good sense, combined with the revision of Mr. Stubbs, has kept him from any monstrous blunders. There is little or nothing which is really likely to lead the reader astray; and any one may be the better for seeing such a subject as Dr. Hook's dealt with in the thoroughly candid and practical way in which he has approached it.

Dr. Hook's thorough fairness of dealing is shown on almost every controverted point which he approaches. He is, as everybody knows, a High Churchman, but without a particle of leaning to Rome. Men of such views are constantly tempted to talk about the "ancient British Church," sometimes in such a tone and to such a degree as almost to forget the distinction between Englishmen and Welshmen. It, of course, exactly falls in with views highly ecclesiastical and sacerdotal, but in no way distinctively Romish, to rejoice in a supposed apostolic origin independent of Rome, and to draw a picture of a British Church at once orthodox and Protestant from the earliest times. Dr. Hook's tendencies evidently lie in this direction, but they are thoroughly kept in check by the truth of the case. It is perfectly true that a large, perhaps the larger, part of England was converted to Christianity by Celtic missionaries. But it is equally clear that those Celtic missionaries did nothing till after the earlier conversion of England had been begun by the Italian mission at Canterbury. It is no less clear that the Celtic peculiarities soon died out in the English Church, and that the orders of the actual English hierarchy must be traced—by those who think it a matter of theological importance to trace them—not to an independent British Church, but to Theodore of Tarsus and his consecrator, Pope Vitalian. Dr. Hook knows all this, and therefore, though he has an evident fondness for the British Church, he has no sort of sympathy with those who now and then talk as if the mission of Augustin by Gregory the Great was something as offensive to English patriotism as the encouragement given to William of Normandy by a later Gregory. Take again a more recent case. Every one will be prepared to find that, in the great controversy of the tenth century, all Dr. Hook's sympathies lie with the married clergy against the monks. But this never hurries him, as it has hurried so many previous writers, into

any unfairness towards the monastic party. The Dean of Chichester rejoices, with just that amount of local feeling which is always pleasant and becoming, in finding himself at the head of a society into which no monk ever intruded. The Chapter, first of Selsey, then of Chichester, founded for secular priests in the eighth century, has retained its original constitution uninterruptedly down to the nineteenth. The Dean is well pleased that it should be so, but this does not make him unfair or uncharitable to those who promoted another system in other churches. Dr. Hook's character of Dunstan is one of the best things in his book. Perfectly fair to him in his ecclesiastical character, he brings out in a true and clear light what the common reader is apt to slur over—his greatness in his civil character as the chief minister of three successive kings. Dr. Hook traces his influence in the glories of the reign of Eadgar, and shows it yet more strongly in the sudden collapse which took place as soon as the feeble Æthelred had no longer the strong arm of the Primate to lean upon. The same thorough fairness and good sense comes out in his general view of the age which he describes as well as in his treatment of particular persons and events. Dr. Hook is about equally removed from those who rail in unappreciating and self-satisfied ignorance at the "dark ages"—and from those who dress out a pleasing vision of the "ages of faith," those Saturnian days which never existed. Dr. Hook has seen enough of the present, and has read enough of the past, to know that human nature is the same at all times, and that, though the forms taken by them may be widely different, the aggregate of human vice and virtue does not greatly differ in any two given ages. In the course of his narrative he often comes across much which he cannot approve—often in the form of particular blameworthy actions of men whose general character merits our esteem. On such occasions, an unfair writer on one side bursts out into a jubilant note of self-exaltation—a song of pharisaic thankfulness that we are not as other centuries were. An unfair writer on the other side, if he does not absolutely deny or conceal, yet colours or palliates in a way inconsistent with perfect truth and honesty. Dr. Hook is too honest a man, too careful a student of human nature, to offend in either way. He frankly allows that this or that action or custom was far from being what it should have been; but he commonly takes the opportunity to show, often in a most shrewd and amusing way, that we of the nineteenth century have far too great an amount of glass windows to make it safe for us to throw stones at the men of other ages. He meets, of course, with many cases of superstition, of a belief in witchcraft, of miracles lightly believed, sometimes, we may fear, fraudulently invented. Dr. Hook neither denies nor palliates; but he tells us, with perfect truth, that all these are simply instances of the same spirit which has carried away multitudes after the spirit-rapping and table-turning of our own day. He finds plenty of instances of party violence and party fraud—of means unscrupulously resorted to in order to compass the exaltation of a man's self or his faction. Dr. Hook never tries to dissemble or cloak any evil deeds of our fathers in this way; but he bids us, with perfect fairness, remember that exactly the same vices still disgrace our political and ecclesiastical disputes; though, with a changed state of manners, they may not always take the same outward shape which they did in a more plain-spoken age.

We will not attempt to follow Dr. Hook through those controverted points on which he has, it would appear, laid himself open to criticism. Some of them are, it seems to us, fair differences of opinion; none of them are very monstrous blunders. Our readers will hardly ask us to drag them through the dispute about the two Ælfrics, or through all the horrors of the Paschal controversy. On the latter point, if Dr. Hook has gone wrong, he has our fullest sympathies. We remember only too well our own desperate efforts to make out what the disputants were quarrelling about, and we are sure we should be very sorry to give any explanation of the matter off-hand. That Dr. Hook is not a perfect scholar we have already allowed. A perfect scholar would not use "Niwan" and "Ealdan Mynstre" in the nominative case (p. 429)—doubtless Dr. Hook would not say "Ecclesia Cathedralis, quæ veteri monasterio vocabatur;" nor would such an one (p. 44) degrade that most respectable goddess, Frigga, the Northern Hera, into something no better than Aphrodite. We might also inform Dr. Hook that there was no Archbishop of Paris (p. 139) in the days of Wilfrid, and that there never was such a thing as an Archbishop of Metz (p. 284) at all, unless such an one has been set up by either Buonaparte. We could add several other slips of the like sort, which we should like to see corrected in a second edition, but which do not greatly detract from the value of the book, and which are certainly quite outweighed by its sterling merits.

Among the lives best worth reading in the volume are the first and the two last—that of Augustin, and those of Robert and Stigand. In the latter, Dr. Hook shows himself as sturdy a Godwinite as anybody could wish. And this is the more creditable to his discernment, as he seems in this chapter to have strangely neglected the authentic narrative of Florence. This has, we think, led him into two errors. He adopts one of the Norman versions of Harold's coronation, namely that it was performed by Stigand; whereas Florence distinctly affirms that he was crowned by Ealdred of York. Similarly he follows the doubtful Ingulf for a picture of the virtues of Queen Eadgyth, forgetting the unpleasant fact of the murder of Gospatric, which stands out plainly enough in the chronicle of the Worcester monk.

Here, again, we fully allow that Dr. Hook has not shown that perfect appreciation of historical evidence which is hardly to be obtained except by a far more complete devotion to historical study than could be possible on the part of a Vicar of Leeds. But, on the whole, the book is highly creditable to its author, and highly valuable for its own purpose. We shall look forward with pleasure to meeting Dr. Hook again in later times, when we shall expect to see him carrying the same spirit of generous candour into the discussion of mixed characters like Lanfranc and Thomas, as well as in describing the more unmixed virtues of saints and patriots, like Anselm, Stephen Langton, Edmund, and Robert Winchelsey.

## CANADA.\*

AS a general rule, travels on well-beaten tracks are a very dreary department of literature, of which the world is becoming thoroughly weary. There is a certain race of tourists whom our rapid locomotion ought to have improved off the face of the earth. It approaches to an impertinence to publish a pretentious book about scenes which have been described a hundred times before, and which a few days' luxurious travelling will enable anybody else to describe again. The work upon Canada now before us is, however, redeemed from this censure both by its author's peculiar qualifications and by the peculiarly critical position of the province. The only interest in Canada that can possibly be new, is a social and political interest. The natural beauties and wonders never change and have been drawn too often to give much pleasure now. But the colonists and their institutions are in a constant state of rapid growth, and therefore constantly present novel points to the observer. These observations, however, a foreigner can alone make with thorough impartiality, and they can be made by none so well as by a traveller who has seen so many countries and studied so many institutions as M. Kohl. The reason given by the translator for having undertaken his task indicates the title of the book to rank higher than as a mere circulating-library production:—

We have here the testimony of an impartial observer, that the freedom enjoyed by the inhabitants of Canada is practically much more unrestricted than that of their neighbours; that their taxation is lighter; that their independence and liberty of self-government are scarcely, if at all, less; and that no less ample provision is made for education, that first necessity of social life.

The New-Englanders have blustered so loudly about annexing Canada, and have assumed so undoubtingly that Canada wishes nothing better, that they have talked a great many Englishmen into believing it too. The vague impression which floats in the minds of the vast number of half-informed people who dabble in politics is that, as a matter of convenience and interest, Canada would be glad to join the United States, and, in case of a war, would do so without delay, but that a lingering sentiment and a doubt whether England would endure it prevents her from venturing on such a step in time of peace. M. Kohl's book will be useful in dissipating such impressions. Nothing can possibly be farther from the truth. Canada may some day wish for independence, but there does not seem the faintest probability that she will ever wish for annexation to the Republic that is ruled from Washington. By doing so she would increase her taxes, change her orderly freedom for mob-law, and involve herself in difficulties and complications from which she is at present free, without reaping, in return, one solitary advantage. Some Canadians flatter themselves that the day will come when the North, separated from the South, will petition to be admitted to the protection of the great Canadian Empire; but none of them seem to have the faintest inclination to reverse the process. In fact, the very circumstance which used to be our source of weakness is now, in this respect, our strength. The greatest hostility to the United States—so a Canadian M.P., of French origin, assured M. Kohl—exists among the French population who revolted in 1837:—

The victorious British Government, whose troops had beaten us, by no means laid heavier fetters upon us, as it mostly happens in such case, but it allowed its eyes to be opened, and did us justice. Many evils of which we complained were acknowledged and remedied. In the first place, the French colonists were by degrees raised to the level of the English; they obtained the same political rights, and the Government took care more and more that, in the appointments to public offices, no regard should be had to nationality; many of the first and highest offices of the country are now filled by French Canadians. The population at large also was now admitted to a much higher degree of liberty and self-government.

There are no traces now of any leaning towards our great neighbour republic, now that while enjoying royal protection we have as many public and private rights as if we were republicans. Under these circumstances we, of course, desire the continuance of the connexion with England—a connexion from which we have no disadvantage whatever, but, on the contrary, many essential and important advantages. With respect to us French Canadians, the leaf has been completely turned. Whilst formerly Great Britain had in us a domestic enemy, always ready to conspire with foreigners against her, it now possesses in us the most important counterpoise of foreign influence; that is to say, against the possible longings of our republican neighbours. There exists, indeed, among our young men a small party whom we call '*Rouges*,' who are extravagant admirers of republican institutions; but the mass of the French population is essentially conservative, and wishes, as far as possible, to maintain the *status quo*. I heard once of an American who, when he was travelling through our country, and

observing the antiquated ways of our French peasants, observed that if they, the Americans, got the country into their hands, they would soon improve the old-fashioned French off the face of the earth. And this is just what our people dread. They think, and I believe rightly, that a union with the Republic would bring on the rapid decline of their language, their customs, and their nationality, which would melt away and disappear before those of the Americans, as formerly those of the aborigines of the country did before theirs.

This is a great result for wise and magnanimous legislation to have attained. Both in itself and its results it offers a striking contrast to the vindictiveness and timidity by which Continental Governments have laid up a terrible reckoning for themselves in their treatment of revolted provinces.

One of the most interesting peculiarities of Canada is that a population if possible more various in its origin than that of the United States is collected in a far smaller territory. The mixture is consequently more complete, and the contrast of the different nationalities more striking. The French blood, though not the largest, has a right to consider itself the fundamental ingredient. The French always speak of themselves as Canadians *par excellence*; and they have a right to do so, both as the first settlers and because they have no similarity to any other nation at present in existence. They represent that old France which the Revolution swept away, and have very little in common with the young France which we see now. They are a quiet, unprogressive, primitive people, devoted to their priests and their old customs, and very lukewarm in their adoration of the almighty dollar. They still retain a portion of their old feudal law, yield to *seigneurs* the feudal dues which goaded France to anarchy, pay quit-rents and fines on alienation, and even submit to grind exclusively at the lord's mill; and so little are they galled by their chains that the Canadian Parliament cannot induce them to agree to any present outlay for the purpose of enfranchising their lands. Except where they come into contact with go-ahead Anglo-Saxons, they have little luxury, no want, and little crime. They are intensely Conservative in their views, and now only give trouble when their priests are threatened or interfered with. The vexed question of education has produced as many complications in Canada as elsewhere. As in Ireland, the mixed education was acquiesced in contentedly at first; but either the aggressiveness which has crept over the spirit of Roman ecclesiastics during the last fifteen years, or their practical experience of its danger to their own influence, has at last induced them to resist it. And in this as in every other step, they are undoubtedly followed by their flocks. These characteristics point to a kinship with La Vendée, to which many of their other peculiarities are said to be traceable. Their French pronunciation, however, which is very eccentric, is said to be derived from Normandy. They change all their *a*'s into *o*'s, and broaden all their diphthongs. Canada is *Conodo*, *les basses classes* is *les basses classes*, and *voir* and *croire* are *voare* and *croare*. But except in this pronunciation, and especially in their moral features, they seem to be thorough Vendéans. It is odd that being priest-ridden Celts they should not get on well with the Irish, who are perhaps the only other nation in the world to whom that compound epithet can be applied. But the Irish, chiefly on account of their love of fighting, are the special aversion of the Canadian French. In fact, the Irish are the black beasts of every other nationality in this motley multitude. They disagree just as much with the Germans. The Scotch cannot endure them. A negro told M. Kohl, "there's only one nation col'd people don't like, that's the Irish;" and a Yankee said to him in the same strain, "I can stand the Scotch, the English, and the Germans; there's only one nation I can't stand, and that's the Irish." The Scotch appear to be the race best fitted to get on with all sorts and conditions of men. They principally furnish the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company—a position in which great capacity of governing and influencing other men is required. They are especially successful with the aborigines. An Iroquois questioned by M. Kohl bore witness to their popularity in language which perhaps they will not think altogether complimentary:—

Of all white what is—the Savats [savages] like Scotch most. Scotch most like savages. Scotch language also like Savats, they say; but I speak them—I not understand.

The Scotch are also owners of all the great timber establishments at Ottawa; and in all the adventurous exploring expeditions into the vast regions of forest they take the lead. The Germans are not so numerous or so prominent in Canada as Mr. Kohl appears to have expected to find them. They swarm in the United States, and though they are cautious and unenterprising compared to the Yankees, yet they make excellent settlers. But they are not fond of Canada, and the reason is a very odd one—

"I'll tell you what it is that frightens our countrymen away from the Ottawa and from all Canada," said a German colonist to me; "it is Queen Victoria of England." "We did not come to America to be again subjects of a Crown."

They appear to have had a surfeit of royalty in Germany, and as all the evils which have driven them from their native land have been inflicted on them by monarchical governments, they look upon the name as synonymous with passports, black bread, and the incessant tax-gatherer.

The aboriginal Indians are not a very important element of the community in the settled parts; but in the vast districts nominally subject to the English Crown which lie between Canada and British Columbia, they are both numerous and powerful. They have experienced in a very marked degree the

\* *Travels in Canada.* By J. G. Kohl. London: Manwaring. 1861.



mutability of public feeling. Formerly, it was the rage to ascribe a romantic poetry and majesty to their qualities and customs; now, it is the fashion to treat them with an equally unjust contempt. The author appears to have carried away a kindly feeling for those with whom he came in contact in the colony. Though undoubtedly they will not serve the white man as the negro will, he thinks the common accusation of sloth is utterly unfounded. Most of the charges against them on this head seem to be merely outbreaks of the "damned nigger" sentiment which disagreeably distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon all over the world. Their crime is that they stand in the settler's way. He covets the land they occupy, and not being able to obtain it, abuses both the proprietors and the squeamishness of the Government that will not turn them out. Pride of race and tenacity of tradition are their prominent characteristics; but when they can do so without what seems to them humiliation, they show great perseverance and self-denial in labouring for their own support. They obstinately retain all the old feuds which divided them from each other in the days of their independence. Two miserable handfuls of Algonquins and Iroquois settled in the same village will not live together or intermarry; and to tell a starving, homeless Iroquois that he is an Algonquin is the gravest insult he can undergo. The following anecdote curiously illustrates the inherent savagery of their disposition:—

I was told of an English officer who was travelling through the American wilderness with an Indian guide, who had showed himself so civil and friendly, that the Englishman entirely trusted him; but one morning on awaking suddenly from sleep, he was astonished to see the Indian standing before him, and pointing at him his own double-barrelled gun which he had taken from his side. The Englishman sprang upon him and disarmed the Indian, who was all in a tremble, and when he was made prisoner, confessed that his master had not given him the least cause for dissatisfaction or revengeful feeling, but "he had such a very fine head of hair." He, the Indian, had been playing with the rich silky locks, as the Englishman lay asleep, until an irresistible desire had seized him to have such a scalp to hang at his girdle as a trophy. He had struggled with himself, but was becoming so terribly excited that the scalping devil would have got the better of him, if the Englishman had not driven him away. He then fell at his feet and implored forgiveness. The phenologists have not, I believe, yet recognised the scalping mania as one of the original propensities of the human mind; but judges in this country are aware of its existence.

Whatever the reader may miss in this work, he will not miss amusement. It is the work of a practical traveller who knows how to distinguish between the corn and the chaff of a traveller's experiences. There is no waste of space in recording the dry annals of his journey. Nothing is thought worthy of record which will not be interesting to one class or another of his readers. The only portion of the work at which we should be inclined to murmur is the large space allotted to the well-worn subject of Niagara. But the general character of the book presents German impartiality and good-humour, without the diffuseness which few Germans are self-denying enough to renounce.

#### WORDS AND WAYS OF MEN OF LETTERS.\*

THE author of this book observes in his introduction that stories about eminent persons are constantly accumulating, and that the numberless biographies which issue from the press supply more anecdotes than can easily be remembered. He has therefore set himself to string together some that have taken his fancy. But, unless these were to be presented in the dreary form of detached fragments of wit or information, it was necessary to invent some thread on which to string them. The thread he has selected is what he calls the *Words and Ways of Men of Letters*. He proposes to examine how eminent writers and speakers have attained their success, and what have been the motives that prompted them to exertion, and the degree of good or evil fortune that has attended their career. We scarcely know whether to praise or censure the performance. The author sways backwards and forwards, now recommending one lesson as illustrated by genius, and now another. He comes out with the most unblushing platitudes, and thinks it worth while to prove that literary success is not synonymous with happiness, and that Sterne is immoral. He ventures on such criticism as that it was as needless for Swift to prove the advantages of retaining the Christian religion, as it would have been to prove the advantages of retaining the sun. He goes off into the most hopeless digressions merely to get in a story of some sort. But then his book has merits. The stories are not his, and, though familiar to most readers, they are often good in themselves, and are pleasant reading for a desultory hour. There is also no harm in his moral remarks. If a man likes to say that Byron is to be condemned for loose writing, that it is a great pity Shelley did not live with Southey, or that false expectations do much mischief, who is to rebuke him? The book is not a clever book or the book of a man who thinks much, or knows what he wants to effect; but its faults are not likely to injure its efficiency for the object it professes to serve. It takes a commonplace view of everything and everybody, and brings together a good number of anecdotes and illustrations more or less amusing. There is a large class of readers who will enjoy these anecdotes all the more because they are set in a framework of carelessly-constructed platitudes and irrelevant discussions.

\* *Words and Ways of Men of Letters*. By the Rev. J. Pycroft. London: Booth. 1861.

The author follows in a track that has been often trod. Many persons have studied the ways and words of men of letters, and tried to deduce conclusions from them. It is worth while to inquire what are the conclusions that the evidence will warrant. Mr. Pycroft, in one of his finest passages, informs us that his view of the task he has undertaken is as follows:—"To lay open the whole process and workings of genius, to betray the secrets of the magician's cave, or to trace the same idea from its first glimpse and rude conception to its final brilliancy and effect in a pointed and transparent sentence—this may greatly diminish our surprise, but, at the same time, it will powerfully incite us to imitation." We learn, therefore, that he thinks it possible to detect how great books have been written; and he thinks it possible to deduce from the investigation rules showing how an ordinary man may successfully imitate great writers. The first thing he offers us is a psychological study—the second is the construction of an art. We believe that, except in a very limited degree, both his positions are erroneous. We do not mean to attack Mr. Pycroft specially; he only repeats in florid and vague language what others have said before him. But, taking the facts to be as he states them, we cannot think that they point to the conclusion, either that "the secrets of genius can be betrayed," or that any rules can be deduced which will materially help those destitute of the real ore to turn out a handsome and serviceable piece of Brummagem workmanship.

The facts observed about genius may all be arranged under two heads. On the one hand, numberless stories are adduced to show that men of genius have done what they have done by patient and incessant study. On the other hand, numberless stories are adduced to show that genius works by chance under a happy inspiration, and on the spur of the moment. Thus we read that Gibbon wrote out his memoir nine times; that Sir Matthew Hale studied at the rate of sixteen hours a day; that Hume wrote thirteen hours a day while preparing his *History*; that Pope studied Dryden until he knew his poems by heart; that Lord Erskine could recite almost any passage of Shakespeare; that Johnson invited any one who liked to give his days and nights to Addison; that Pitt and Romilly practised themselves, when young, in constant translations from classical authors; and that Milton poured forth the study of a life in *Paradise Lost*. On the other hand, we are reminded that *Tam O'Shanter* was written almost by accident, and in a few hours. *Lochiel's Warning* and *Hohenlinden* are due to a "happy chance." The *Waverley Novels* were written as fast as pen could be put to paper. We are to add up stories of this kind, and then we shall be able to unlock the secret of the magician's cave and understand the processes and workings of genius. We should have thought that the common notion of genius is left exactly where it was before this detection of the secret was offered. If men of genius handle subjects that require varied information, they must get it. They must work hard if the necessary amount of erudition is great, and work very hard if the necessary amount of erudition is very great. If a genius is going to write the history of England, he cannot write it by inspiration, or owe success to a happy chance. On the other hand, where genius handles the ordinary facts of life or incidents within the writer's personal and peculiar knowledge, there is no height to which it may not reach without any special application or study. In the same way, some men of genius attain the felicity of expression which is part of their success by conscious and prolonged study. Others write well without an effort. For one man who has written well and formed his style on models, at least two might be named who have merely written as well as they could, and in the manner natural to them. No one will readily believe that Cobbett gave his days and nights to Addison; and yet Cobbett, though not a man of superior genius, wrote much better English than Johnson.

Nor are we able, from the examination of the ways and words of men of letters, to frame an art which shall teach common men to write like uncommon ones. We do not even find that, when the rules offered for our guidance have been adopted by men of genius, they have invariably had a good effect. Lord Brougham is one of the most strenuous advocates for studying and imitating ancient models, and Lord Brougham has entirely spoilt his style by following his own advice. He has given us the best of all warnings against the process he recommends in the pedantic Ciceronianism on which he piques himself. Such rules, again, are constantly shifting, according as one eminent man or another is present to the thoughts of the counsellor. At one time we are advised to write every sentence over half a dozen times, until we come to periods as copious and imposing as those of Burke. At another time we are told to write what comes uppermost in the plainest Saxon. Nor are more special rules of much practical utility. Mr. Pycroft recommends us, on the authority of Southey, to write bad poetry in order to write good prose. The poets have generally been adepts, he remarks, as has often been remarked before, in prose composition. Therefore, those who wish to write good prose should write poetry. But it is scarcely to be expected that the mere wish to write good prose will enable a person to write good poetry. It is, therefore, writing poetry of any sort that will effect the object. We cannot think that the play is worth the candle. Fancy a man sitting down to write a sonnet a-day, in order that he may word a note of apology with neatness. It must be remembered that we are invited to explore the secrets of the magician's cave in order that we may learn to be

magicians ourselves; and therefore the fact of good poets being able generally to write prose is not offered as a mere fact, but as conducing to a rule of art. We, too, are to be able to write prose if we will but turn off our daily copy of verses.

There are, of course, some conclusions to which we can come when we have examined the records of many lives and consulted our own experience as to the matter and manner of composition. But these conclusions do not at all enable us to "betray the secrets of the magician's cave," or to learn magic for ourselves. On the contrary, the first conclusion we come to is that no analysis can detect where genius begins or what it is. We can add up some of the faculties which genius must display, but we can never detect how those faculties combine into what we term genius. Still less can we by taking thought add a cubit to our mental stature. We do not come nearer genius by thinking about it. Further, we may safely say that there are men who, possessing genius, have gained greatly by conscientiously studying models, and imbibing the thoughts and language of favourite authors; and, on the other hand, that there are men of genius on whom the same process has told unfavourably. As to ordinary men, some gain, not genius, but facility and elevation by study, and others only sink deeper into pedantry. By far the largest number of persons, we should imagine, profit much the most by the study of the writers they ought to imitate or know when they read them as a part of general education, and without any conscious intention of forming a style. Many of the processes recommended are already part of the education which English gentlemen ordinarily receive. They are accustomed to translate from classical authors, to make reams of indifferent verses, to think daily of synonyms, epithets, and cadences. But the result proposed to them is a general one. They escape pedantry by this vagueness, and acquire, without knowing it, a style which we will hope is at least better than it otherwise would have been. That in later life some of them might improve their style and expand their thoughts by the frequent perusal and zealous imitation of one or two favourite authors, we will not deny. But it is also certain that many of those who tried the experiment would only harden themselves in priggishness, and still more would never be repaid for the time and trouble expended, and would only end where they began.

#### FRENCH MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN.\*

**J**APAN has been, and probably will be for many years, a *terra incognita*. We shall have consuls there, no doubt, and merchants, and missionaries, and travellers; but so it has been in China for a long time, and yet of the real state of that country we seem to be as ignorant as of the interior of Australia. The Japanese evidently do not wish that we should know much about them, and they tell the most childish stories to put off inquisitive travellers. Father Furet, a French missionary now stationed in Japan, visited Lou-tchou. He asked a Mandarin whether the people had no money there, as he could not see a single *sapèque* in the market. "No," replied the Mandarin, "we have no money." Father Furet, however, had picked up one *sapèque*, and turning round on the Mandarin, he addressed him in the following complimentary speech:—"Thou art a liar; for look, here is a *sapèque* which I found in the salt-works."—"True," replied the Mandarin, "we have some money, but very little."

It seems, remarks Father Furet, as if the Japanese Government had issued an order to all its subjects—"Cheat the foreigners; and in order to cheat them, lie, lie, and lie." It may be so; but in spite of it the French missionaries seem to set to work in good earnest, learning the language of the people, and thereby effectually counteracting the general system of false representation on the part of the Japanese. Father Furet, whose letters on the Japanese Archipelago and Eastern Tartary have just been published at Paris, seems to have made considerable progress in the study of the Japanese language, and he is not the only French missionary preparing himself on the spot for the great work of preaching the Gospel in those distant isles. We may expect much useful and important information from these men, whose eyes are evidently wide open to all that is going on in that newly opened country, and who will act as missionaries in every sense of the word. There is something peculiar about French missionaries. They are, in many instances, men of the world, though we would use this word in its very best sense. They do not always speak of themselves as martyrs or saints, but they seem to do their work bravely and cheerfully. Who does not remember the delightful volumes of Hue and Gabet, and the life and humour which pervaded every page of their travels through China and Tibet? Father Furet belongs to the same class of men. We have no reason to doubt that the primary object of all his labours is the conversion of the heathen; but this one great interest has not extinguished all minor interests, and when he writes of the manners of the Japanese, of their language, their fauna, flora, the geography and geology of the country, he seems to enter heart and soul into all these subjects, and never thinks of defending himself against the suspicion that he is thereby neglecting his sacred duties—a phrase so common in most books written by missionaries. Nor would we for a moment suppose that he does neglect his sacred duties; nay, we are quite ready to believe that

many a missionary would prove himself a more efficient minister of Christ if he followed the example of Father Furet, and allowed himself that change and relaxation which is so necessary to every man of business for the vigorous discharge of his duty in life. It may be a very salutary rule to do one thing only, and to do it well. Nevertheless, we can hardly think of any man who ever did any great work in life and had not his heart open for other interests besides his own. Time taken away from our regular work is not therefore time lost; and many of our missionaries would find their minds improved and refreshed, and their power of action more vigorous and elastic, if they allowed themselves the enjoyment which is always to be found in the study of nature and of man. Much has been done by missionaries in the interest of science, but it is always done as it were by stealth. This need not be, and ought not to be. They might be the pioneers of science without neglecting for a moment their principal obligation of preaching the Gospel to the heathen. If they were allowed and encouraged to devote some of their time to scientific pursuits, they would enlist the sympathies of many most enlightened and influential men in favour of the missionary cause. That cause, no doubt, ought in itself to be sufficient to rouse the sympathies of every Christian, but it cannot be denied that it has sometimes been lowered even by those who are its strongest advocates. There have been many missionaries working in Africa; but one man like Livingstone, who could speak not only on missionary platforms, but in the Theatre of Oxford and the Senate-house of Cambridge—who had something to say to the merchants of Liverpool, and who could answer the questions of Owen and Lyell—has kindled a livelier interest and elicited a more active support for African missions than the reports of ever so many conversions published in the journals of religious societies.

But to return to Father Furet. We learn from his letters, which he addressed to M. Léon de Rosny, the author of a Japanese grammar, that he went to Japan at the time when the French Government sent their expedition to the eastern coasts of Asia. His first letter is dated October, 1855. M. Cortambert, Vice-President of the Société d'Ethnographie de France, who publishes these letters under the auspices of that Society, states in his introduction that the Japanese isles are properly called Nippon or Ji-pen—i.e., the Country of the Rising Sun. This name, however, belongs in truth to but one of the three principal islands which form the Japanese Empire. These three islands are called Nippon, Kiou-siou, and Sikok. North and south of these are other islands, which form a kind of appendage to the Japanese Empire, the island of Yeso, of Sakhalien, and the Loutchou islands. It is chiefly on these islands, or their geography, ethnography, and natural history, that the letters of Father Furet throw new light. He describes the principal of the Loutchou islands; he then proceeds to the town of Hakodadé, on the south coast of Yeso, where there is one of the ports lately opened by the native Government to European and American commerce. Leaving Japan for a time, Father Furet next writes from the bay of Barracouta, on the eastern coast of the Asiatic continent, where Russia has of late acquired large territorial grants from the Chinese Government. He then returns to the island of Sakhalien, and describes the bay of Jonequières and the inhabitants of that neighbourhood.

These letters were apparently never intended for publication. They were written to convey some curious information to one of the few scholars in Europe who have devoted themselves to the study of Japanese literature—M. de Rosny, at Paris—and who would value any accession, however slight, to our knowledge of those peculiar islands and islanders. They are composed in a light, easy, fluent style, without any elaborate display of learning, but at the same time with evident signs of the writer's familiarity with those branches of physical science which are indispensable to an efficient traveller. Nor has Father Furet, while engaged in the study of Japanese and Chinese, neglected to make himself acquainted, as far as possible, with the local dialects of the islands which he visited; and at the end of his small volume of letters we find valuable lists of words collected among the natives of Sakhalien, Yeso, and Corea. We do not wish to exaggerate the value of these letters. They are slight, and can be read in half-an-hour. But we like the spirit in which they are written, the simple good-sense of the missionary traveller, the correctness and lucidity of his style, and the absence of all cant. We shall probably hear more of Father Furet, if once settled in Japan. In the meantime we have to thank him for the first description of islands hardly ever visited or described by Europeans. The inhabitants seem to be a strange mixture of Chinese, Japanese, and Tartars, but by no means of that savage character which was in former times ascribed to them. There are towns and villages to be met with everywhere. The roads are in good order, the fields well cultivated. There are even the ruins of old castles, showing that the civilization of these islands does not date from yesterday. In the Island of Loutchou, Father Furet mentions two academies—one the Academy of Choui (the capital), and the other the Academy of Nafa:—

You know already [he writes to M. de Rosny] that the language of the country is a Japanese dialect, remarkable by its terminations and some peculiar formulas expressive of politeness and humility. If, therefore, you meet with learned men at Choui, and enter with them into one of their schools, you will not be surprised to find them reading Japanese. You would see, indeed, Chinese books in their hands, you would even see them write in Chinese characters; but examine them about those books and those characters, ask

\* *Lettres à M. Léon de Rosny sur l'Archipel Japonais et la Tartarie Orientale*. Par le P. Furet, Missionnaire Apostolique au Japon, Membre Correspondant de la Société d'Ethnographie; précédé d'une Introduction par E. Cortambert. Paris. London: Jeffs. 1860.



them to read, or to give you the Chinese pronunciation of these characters (of which, by the by, they are always ignorant), and they will only pronounce the corresponding Japanese words, or sometimes the Chinese words *Japonised*. Their books contain a more or less considerable number of Chinese characters, but very much disfigured, and they call them *Zokou-bong*. These characters are translated by Japanese words, or rather they are read with a half-Chinese pronunciation, called *Outou-yowmi*.

The students of Choui, after having read in this manner the canonical books, the five so-called *Kings* composed by Confucius, which form the basis of public instruction in Loutchou as in Japan, study afterwards any Japanese books *ad libitum*. Some read many, some few. For writing they generally use the *Firakana* alphabet, or the *Zokou-bong*, which they trace with surprising facility and promptitude; they do not write the *Katakana* so well. Workmen and merchants always use the *Zokou-bong*.

The city of Nafa is divided into several quarters. One of them, in which we reside, is called *Kouninda*; it is almost entirely inhabited by Chinese, who speak Chinese, read Chinese books, and use the square characters only. They are not acquainted with the *Zokou-bong*, nor with the signs of the Japanese syllabarium. In the centre of their quarter there is a large college, where the system of instruction differs greatly from that followed at Choui; this is the Chinese Academy, the Academy of Kouninda.

It is curious to see these two systems of public instruction in one and the same city, and, still more, to observe the jealousy between the professors of Choui and Kouninda. As we have teachers of both Academies we can easily judge of their character. Well, my dear Sir, I can only compare these Academicians of Kouninda with the ancient sages of Greece, whereas those of Choui, less grave and more independent in their manners, are like our own "immortal Forty." Every time that one of the Professors of Kouninda comes to give us a lesson, he comes and goes away solemnly, like the cooks of Boileau, or as his *Recteur* followed by the four faculties. Their hands are always on their arms, and their whole costume is in accordance with the ancient ritual. Their reserve is admirable; and it is truly edifying to see how well they obey the order of their Government.

To the age of fifteen the students of Kouninda learn the Chinese characters and practise writing them correctly. If they have once passed their examination, the young men receive two hair-pins in their *toupet*, and they begin the *Chi-chou*, or the four classical works of the school of Confucius. For the rest of their lives they study the Chinese philosophers, and they learn them so completely that they can almost always continue or correct any text quoted from their works. These men, those at least whom we know, are irreproachable in their conduct. They only want the knowledge of the Gospel.

In order to give an idea of the intellectual atmosphere in which these people are brought up, we give a few extracts from a *Manual of Philosophy*, which is used in almost all the schools of the Japanese islands. It is called in the original *Sin Kagami-gousa*, and has been translated for the first time into French, at the end of the volume of Father Furet's letters. To our ears most of this philosophy may sound trivial; but for an Oriental production it is remarkable in many respects, and particularly by the total absence of anything offensive or immoral:—

Heaven and Earth are the father and mother of all things. Man is the most honourable creature; he is more particularly the son of Heaven and Earth. Therefore, he ought always to worship Heaven and Earth, and acknowledge by all means the infinite blessings of Heaven and Earth.

A child without filial piety will never prosper; much less man, the son of Heaven and Earth, if he does not obey them.

In order to arrive at perfection, we should devote ourselves altogether to our business; like the cat watching the mouse, or the hen hatching her eggs.

True knowledge is that which is acquired in order to govern ourselves, not in order to be known by the world.

Every evening we examine the faults of the day in order to correct them to-morrow; every day our work progresses; in a month there will be the work of thirty days; every year will have 360 complete days; in this manner we advance in virtue, knowledge, and we have delights not to be described.

Of all precious things, none is more precious for men than time.

Do not rest even while taking breath. After death we shall rest.

#### KING ON ANTIQUE GEMS.\*

**A** MORE complete and exhaustive treatise on any department of art has never come before us in our critical capacity than Mr. King's beautifully illustrated volume on *Antique Gems*. It supplies a crying want in modern European literature. Hitherto, the student of glyptic art has had to frame the alphabet and accidence of his science for himself. The celebrated *Apistopistius* of L'Heureux—from which Dr. Walsh borrowed most of the information of his useful little work on *Coins, Medals, and Gems*—dealt exclusively with Gnostic intagli; and Mariette's *Pierres Gravées*, though the best manual hitherto published, is both incomplete and inaccurate. Other works on the subject have been rather catalogues of particular collections than general treatises on glyptic art. Mr. King now comes forward with a series of dissertations, exceedingly well planned and digested, which cover the whole subject in all its branches, and which will become the standard authority to all admirers and collectors of camei or intagli, ancient or modern.

The arrangement and distribution of the materials of the present volume are unusually judicious and scientific. Beginning with a masterly sketch of the general history of the art of gem-engraving, Mr. King divides his treatise into four sections. In the first of these he describes the various substances, natural and artificial, which have been employed by glyptic artists from the earliest times to the present day. In this branch of his pursuit we shall not follow him now. This particular disquisition is a matter of more interest to the lapidary or the mineralogist than to the artist. His second section deals with the special art of gem-engraving, as practised by the Egyptians, Etruscans, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans of old, through its decline among European nations, and its lingering

vitality in the East, until its revival in the Classical Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. A third section is devoted to a classification of the subjects which have been generally treated by glyptic artists; and, finally, the mystic virtues which have been in successive ages attributed to gems, sigils, rings and amulets, are marshalled in order and discussed with great learning. Indeed, the amount of original reading, classical and mediæval, required for the full discussion of the last two sections is among the most remarkable characteristics of the present volume.

In one respect Mr. King's essay scarcely fulfils the promise of its title-page. We confess that we had expected more light to be thrown on ancient history, and on ancient art in general, from the author's extensive acquaintance with antique gems and seals, than we find to be the case in the pages now before us. We had fancied, for instance, that in these respects ancient gems would be as instructive to the artist and the antiquary as ancient coins and medals have proved to be in Professor Donaldson's able *Architectura Numismatica*. But we are disappointed. There are, indeed, numerous objects used in common life, the forms of which are engraved on certain gems; and certain figures or groups from the old mythology are repeated with a uniformity which Mr. King is pleased to call "honest," but which most people would call stupid and tedious. And, judging from Mr. King's copious illustrations, there are a few, but very few, actual portraits of historical personages handed down to us in camei or intagli. But we doubt whether any single new fact of importance has been transmitted to posterity by this branch of art—unless it be a point as to the construction of the ancient tireme, or the use of the *diallus*, upon which Mr. King lays so much stress that it would almost seem as though he were conscious that he had few such facts to boast of. Perhaps also the outlines of some of the more famous statues of antiquity have been preserved to us through the representations given of them on contemporary gems. For example, the Apoxyomenos of Calliades "is allowed by all archaeologists to have been the original of the famous intaglio in the Marlborough cabinet—an athlete using the strigil." And Mr. King thinks that he can identify, in a little sard of the Mertens-Schaathausen collection, a copy of the composition of an early bronze group by Canachus, representing Apollo with a stag, which was the chief ornament of the Didymæon at Athens. Still, when compared with coins and medals, it would seem that the gems of antiquity are a barren field of study to the artist and the archaeologist. Not the less, however, did this peculiar branch of art demand, for its own merits, that careful special examination which Mr. King has now bestowed upon it.

It is a very good sign of the present times that the reading public is tolerant and eclectic in its sympathies. However fiercely artistic controversies may rage, there is always a welcome for any honest contribution to the history of art. Mr. King will have the benefit of this toleration, and might well have spared his sneers at the lovers of mediæval art. We hope that there are many ardent Gothicists who will read this book with delight and profit, although the author, in a very narrow spirit, professes himself unable to see any merit in what he calls in one place the "monstrosities" of mediæval ivory-carving. We sincerely pity a man who is blind to the exquisite purity and refinement of some of these ivories of the best period. No doubt there are many specimens which are rude and inelegant. But it is as unphilosophical to despise mediæval art unreservedly on the one hand as it is to undervalue classical art on the other. Why should not beauty be recognised and appreciated wherever it appears? For our own part, we can admire quite as warmly as our author some of the exquisite antique gems which he has reproduced; but it is mere prejudice not to see that perhaps the majority of his specimens are, after all, very mediocre, if not absolutely distorted and out of drawing. The conditions, indeed, of gem-engraving are such that very high excellence can seldom be attained in it. What with the hardness of the material, the difficulty of the process, the limited space, and the necessarily conventional style of design, it is only a wonder that so many of the antique camei and intagli are so good as they are. Not a few, indeed, are of extraordinary beauty and power, worthy to be compared with the finest specimens of numismatic skill; but the larger number are insipid and commonplace, and even of mean and faulty design.

The history of gem-engraving, apart from purely artistic considerations, is extremely interesting. The earliest form of the art is to be studied in Assyrian cylinders and Egyptian scarabs; but in both these cases the material on which the cutting was made was soft—serpentine, or clay, or steaschist. It was in Nineveh, shortly before the reign of Sargon, that intagli were first cut on hard stones, such as crystal, onyx, and agate. Thence the art went to Phœnicia, from which country it spread among the Asiatic and Insular Greeks. Before B.C. 600, the use of signet rings was almost universal in Greece Proper, as we learn from the laws of Solon. In Italy, Mr. King traces two contemporaneous successions of the art—one of them Etruscan, bearing traces of an eastern origin; the other Hellenic, in use among the colonists of Magna Græcia. The latter, and the settlers in Sicily, were the first to bring the art—as they did also the cognate art of die-sinking—to its highest perfection. From Augustus to Severus the glyptic art, both in gems and in camei, was in its finest period. But then it "declined and became extinct with extraordinary and unaccountable rapidity." The spread of

\* *Antique Gems: their Origin, Uses, and Value as Interpreters of Ancient History, and as Illustrative of Ancient Art.* With Hints to Gem Collectors. By Rev. C. W. King, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Murray. 1860.

Christianity, says Mr. King, checked the continual reproduction of "representations of the elegant Western mythology." "At length, in the fifth century, Roman gem-engraving entirely vanishes, its last traces fading away in the swarms of ill-cut and worse drawn Abraxas jaspers, and Manichean amulets."

Meanwhile, however, the art took refuge in Persia, under the revived Achaemenian dynasty, where it flourished till the Mohammedan conquest in the seventh century. These conquerors, admitting no designs on their signet-rings except inscriptions, cyphers, and monograms, merely perpetuated the mechanical processes of the art until its revival, after ten centuries of neglect in the West, in the Italian Renaissance. This resuscitation was in all respects extraordinary. The Italian gem-engravers reached, almost by one step, a degree of excellence which is probably equal to that of the best antiques, while in camei they perfected the art beyond any of their predecessors. The use of the wheel and the magnifying-lens marvellously facilitated the operations of the gem-engraver; and the works of Anichini, Tagliacarne, Il Vicentino, Cesati, and others, are among the choicest treasures of the finest collections. After a temporary decadence, the art was destined to a second revival in the last century. But this was only an improvement in workmanship; and the sole object of a school of workmen, who had reached an astonishing degree of mechanical perfection, was to forge counterfeit imitations of the antique. Mr. King attributes, with great probability, the sudden decline of connoisseurship in gems about the end of the last century to the discredit thrown upon the whole subject by the almost impossibility of distinguishing a real antique from a forgery. He tells us that many of the specimens in the best collections are spurious; and after carefully considering all the rules which are here laid down for the guidance of a connoisseur, we reach the conclusion that it would require the experience of a life-time, and a special instinct besides, to be able to pronounce upon the genuineness of any disputed example. Upon the whole, Mr. King will certainly discourage most men from turning gem-collectors. Among the expedients for antiquating a forged modern work, he mentions in one place that if a few gems are thrust down a turkey's throat, the action of the gizzard upon them produces marks and scratches which it is impossible to distinguish from the wear and tear of use and age. A few English gem-engravers, such as Brown, Wray, Marchant, and Bureh, who flourished in the latter half of the last century, deserve to be commemorated; but the art is considered to have expired with Pistrucci and Girometti. To the former of these artists we owe the fine George and the Dragon, which gives its name to those sovereigns of George IV. which are already becoming rare. A kind of pseudo-cameo, made of soft shell, is still produced at Rome, and "alone preserves a faint shadow of the departed glories of the glyptic art." Thus, after a varied course of thirty centuries this art seems, in the opinion of its present historian, to have finally closed its career; for he does not even hint a wish, or a hope, of a further revival.

Our readers will now be able to judge of the variety and interest of the contents of Mr. King's treatise. A few striking things which arrested our attention on reading the volume may be noticed. Arguing from the imperishable nature of gems, Mr. King speculates that the twelve engraved stones of the High Priest's breastplate are probably still in existence. He supposes that the *rationale*, which was worn after the Captivity, was carried to Rome by Titus, and afterwards transferred by Justinian to the sacristy of Santa Sophia. There he expects that the "Russian heir of the 'sick man'" will, at no distant day, discover these precious relics. The origin of the word *cameo* has always been a puzzle to etymologists. Mr. King hazards the very improbable suggestion that it may have come from *xamal*, the word *chamaina* "meaning nothing but a gem discovered in the ground by accident." Elsewhere the author, with equal improbability, derives the use of the word *Missa*, as applied to the Eucharistic sacrifice, from the *Mizd*, a round cake used in the profane Mithraic rites. There is something painful in this, as there is also in Mr. King's identification of the honour paid to the Virgin Mary with the worship of Isis, whom he flippantly calls "the same deity." Indeed, his ecclesiastical perceptions are none of the clearest. For instance, in translating a passage from the *Pedagogus* of Clement of Alexandria (to which, by the way, he gives a wrong reference), he fails to understand an allusion to baptism, and surmises that the father must mean Moses when he speaks of a fisherman being a good device for a Christian signet-ring—as reminding the wearer of "little children drawn up out of the water." We observe, however, a happy discovery that the mystic table which hangs over the head of the figure in Albert Durer's famous *Melancholia* is an amulet against the plague, which, according to our author, is "still current in Germany." It consists of 16 numerals arranged in a square, so that whether the figures be added together downward, or across, or diagonally, their sum is always 34. This hitherto unexplained amulet adds a new feature to the significance of this striking picture. Finally, we are informed that the collection of gems in the British Museum, which few of the public ever see, is one of the finest in the world. And we gather from our author's silence on the subject that the numerous *Christian* gems, said to have been found in the Catacombs and brought home by devout pilgrims from the Eternal City, are too obviously forgeries even to deserve explicit reprobation.

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